

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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IMPORTANT TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A NEW NOVEL

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," &c., &c.

We call the particular attention of our readers to the above announcement. The Proprietor of this Paper has Purchased the Advance Sheets of

CHARLES LEVER'S

NEW SERIAL NOVEL, CALLED

DAVENPORT DUNN,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ,

Which will be Published exclusively in these Columns, simultaneously with its Issue in London.

COL. JOHN W. FORNEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Just at this time Col. Forney is attracting very considerable attention from the Democracy of the North, and from "other politicians," by his apparent determination to establish an "opposition Democratic paper" in Philadelphia, the intention of which, and its ultimate success, in some quarters seem to be matters of intense speculation. Col. Forney is a native of Lancaster, Penn., and is now forty years of age. By the death of his father he was thrown upon his own resources, and entered as an apprentice in the office of the Lancaster Journal. He soon, to such a degree, won the confidence and esteem of his employers that he was entrusted with the entire management of the establishment, and at the age of sixteen young Forney took upon himself the cares and responsibilities of an editor, and attended at the same time to the business department of the paper.

It was during this period of his life that Col. Forney became acquainted with Mr. Buchanan, and he has ever since been intimately associated with him, and actively engaged in politics; always supporting and defending Democratic principles, and always urging upon his countrymen the high claims which Mr. Buchanan had to its confidence and favor. He remained with Mr. Maxwell until he was eighteen, when he became the editor of the Lancaster Intelligencer, and he and his partner having only their industry and energy for their capital, not only attended to the editorial and business departments of the paper, but also set up the type and worked off the paper. The wonderful facility of composition for which Col. Forney is distinguished he possessed at this time, as he never committed his editorials to writing, but stood at the case and set them up as he composed.

In 1840 he became the owner of the Journal, the property of his former employer, and united the two papers under the name of the Lancaster Intelligencer and Journal. As early as 1838 he was quite distinguished as a political writer. The gubernatorial canvass of that year was remarkably animated. The Presidential elections of 1840 and 1844 were also very exciting. In all these contests, as well as during the intervening periods, he bore a very conspicuous part. Although nominally a country newspaper and the organ of the Democracy of Lancaster, the Intelligencer had a wide circulation and a great influence throughout the whole State. Its articles were extensively copied by the Democratic press, and their intrinsic ability commanded for the newspaper a very influential position. He was also a favorite orator at

the meetings of his party. Lancaster county, during all this time, contained a Whig majority of from four to six thousand, and the gallantry with which Col. Forney battled against such tremendous odds attracted universal admiration and commanded even the respect of his political foe.

In 1845 he removed to Philadelphia, and in 1846 became the owner and editor of the Philadelphia Pennsylvanian. He remained there until he was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1851, but still continued for two years after he had assumed the duties of his office, to write for the Pennsylvanian. He was a candidate in 1849 for the Clerkship, and received the caucus nomination of the Democratic members, who were then in a majority; but owing to the defection of some members of his party, who voted in the House for Mr. Campbell, the Whig candidate, he was defeated. This act of bad faith caused great indignation at the time; but Col. Forney returned to his home, allayed the bitter feelings which it had created, and fought as bravely for the rights of the South as though he had never been stricken down by her false sons.

Whilst editor of the Pennsylvanian, in 1846, the Wilmot proviso was introduced in Congress by David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania; and although the relations between Col. Forney and

Wilmot had been those of intimate friendship for years, and especially when Wilmot took his bold stand in favor of the casting vote of Mr. Dallas on the Tariff of 1846, the great achievement of Robert J. Welker (during the discussion of which, through the columns of the Pennsylvanian, Col. Forney waged a fearless war upon the whole system of special legislation and Congressional bounties to manufacturers, losing thereby an immense number of subscribers)—yet, when Wilmot deserted the Democratic party on the proviso question, the Pennsylvanian opened its batteries upon him, and rallied the Democracy of Pennsylvania against it to such an extent that the party soon recovered from its defeat, and in 1847 re-elected Mr. Shunk Governor of the State by a triumphant majority. From 1846 down to the present moment, Wilmot has been the personal enemy of both Mr. Buchanan and Col. Forney, and has waged unceasing war upon them. It was only the boldness and the power with which the Pennsylvanian attacked Wilmot when he took his first step towards abolitionism that saved the Democracy of the Keystone State, and kept them from and prevented the division and defeat which occurred in their party in the Commonwealth of New York. During the campaign of 1847, Mr. Buchanan's celebrated letter, in favor of extending

the Missouri line to the Pacific, was read by Colonel Forney at the great Berks county mass meeting, in the course of an address which he delivered on that occasion in the presence of Gov. Shunk and his Cabinet.

One of the most memorable events in the career of the Pennsylvanian was the controversy which Col. Forney had with the Philadelphia North American, then conducted by the brilliant Robert T. Conrad, on the Tariff question and the Mexican war. This controversy enlisted the powers of both these distinguished champions of respective creeds, and is still recalled with delight by the reading men of both parties.

When the Compromise measures of 1850 were introduced into the Senate of the United States, the Pennsylvanian, under Col. F., was prominent in their support. The ability, vigor and force of its articles was everywhere remarked and commended, and the Washington Union, then under the control of the veteran Ritchie, contained column after column of editorial complimenting the extraordinary talent with which the organ of the Democracy of Pennsylvania was conducted.

Col. Forney's office as Clerk of the House expired with the Congress of 1853-54, and when the Congress of 1855 came into power controlled as it was by the opposition, he, of course, neither expected or desired a re-election. As Clerk of the old House it was his duty to act as the presiding officer until a new Speaker was elected, and during the protracted struggle which took place at the commencement of the present Congress, and which was continued for several weeks before an organization was effected, Col. Forney, by his dignified and manly bearing and parliamentary ability, preserved admirable order and prevented any of those violent political personal conflicts which have too often disgraced the American Congress, and which the bitter feeling then existing between the various parties, rendered daily almost inevitable. His decisions on all questions of order were always sustained, and such was the high estimation in which he was held by the House, and the appreciation of his fairness and impartiality, that the members were always ready to acquiesce in his decisions and eager to sustain him. It would take too much space to lay before our readers, in detail, the many complimentary allusions to Col. Forney, made on the floor of the House,



COL. JOHN W. FORNEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA, ANNEOTYPED BY WHITEHURST.

by his political opponents, during the time he presided. Hon. Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky; J. Morrison Harrison, of Maryland; Robert T. Paine, of North Carolina; Mark Trafton, of Massachusetts; Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, who are prominent opposition members, besides a large number of Democrats, all paid their tribute of praise to Col. Forney, for the satisfactory manner in which he discharged the duties of his office.

After Mr. Banks was sworn in as Speaker, the House, before adjourning, unanimously passed a resolution of thanks to Col. Forney, "for the distinguished ability, fidelity and impartiality, with which he has presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives, during the arduous and protracted contest for Speaker which has just closed." The very day that Col. Forney resigned his office to his successor, his accounts, involving millions of dollars, were all settled at the Treasury department, so exact and regular had he been in the discharge of his duties. The admirable system he observed in this office, which is one of great importance and responsibility, has never been equalled in the history of our country.

Col. Forney's connection with the Washington Union continued during the latter part of Mr. Fillmore's administration, and during three years of Mr. Pierce's. This important post he resigned that he might devote his time and attention to securing the nomination of Mr. Buchanan at the Cincinnati Convention. Retiring from Washington to his home in Pennsylvania, he was elected by the Democratic State Convention of March 4th, 1856, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and from that day was untiring until the close of the election in November. Our readers no doubt recollect the amount of interest that was felt in the October election in Pennsylvania, as it was thought it would decide the Presidential contest, the party carrying that State then having the surest prestige of success in November. The opposition to the Democratic party was sanguine. They were thoroughly united, and had called to their aid all the talent they could command throughout the States. Their prominent men, such as Mr. Speaker Banks, and others who traversed the State, boasted that they would carry it by from thirty to forty thousand majority. The chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee having, with his co-workers, effected a perfect organization throughout the State, which extended to even the school districts, worked quietly and efficiently. Surrounded with secretaries, they carried on a correspondence with all parts of the State, made editorial contributions to a large number of Democratic journals, and everywhere infused the enthusiasm, energy and confidence of success which animated them. The inspiration which moved them in this grand struggle was caught up by the Democracy in every part of the State, and when at last the smoke cleared off the battle field on the 14th of October, the Democratic shout of victory which arose and which struck dismay into the hearts of the opposition, decided that James Buchanan was to be the next President of the United States.

In January, 1857, Col. Forney became a candidate for the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term of Hon. Richard Brodhead. Many neutral papers as well as the Democratic press throughout the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all united in paying their tribute of praise and respect to his talents and high character, and earnestly urged his selection upon the Democratic members of the Legislature.

There was a small Democratic majority in the Legislature on joint ballot, and it was never doubted but that a Democrat would be elected if the two Houses agreed to go into joint convention. The popularity of Col. Forney in his native State was never more manifest than at this period. The party in every section of the State was favorable to his election, and though in various parts there were preferences expressed for others who were more intimately connected with particular localities, yet all admitted his qualifications for the place, the credit the State would have in possessing such a representative, and the satisfaction they would feel if he was the choice of the Legislature. In accordance with this universal sentiment Mr. Buchanan wrote a letter from Wheatland to a personal friend in the Pennsylvania Legislature, in which he said—"When asked, I have always said that I preferred Col. Forney, and I should esteem it a friendly act towards myself for any person in or out of the Legislature to support him."

The Democratic members of the Legislature reflected the wishes of their constituents, and by a handsome majority gave Col. Forney the caucus nomination on the first ballot; but by means, it is said, of fraud and corruption, he was defeated in the election by S. Cameron, who influenced enough opposition votes to secure his election. When the result was announced, the feeling of indignation was intense in Pennsylvania. Meetings were called throughout the State, the individuals who were charged with betraying their party were denounced, and steps were taken to prevent Senator Cameron from holding his seat.

Meantime, all possible admiration and respect were expressed for the character and services of Col. Forney, and deep regret at his defeat. After the senatorial contest, he returned to his home in Philadelphia, and for a while remained quietly in the midst of his family, enjoying the comforts of private life, which the excitement and fatigue of an active campaign rendered necessary.

His name is now again prominently brought before the country, by his announcement, that he intends to start a new Democratic paper in Philadelphia; the movements, therefore, of Col. Forney will, for a long time to come, be watched with intense interest.

OTELIA CLAYTON;

OR,

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE.

BY MISS A. E. DUPUY.

AUTHOR OF THE "COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD," "HUGENOT EXILES, ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

The public announcement of Miss Clayton's union with Theodore Arnold preceded her return, and a grand festival was given as a reception on the occasion. Congratulations were offered, and merriment abounded in the old walls. Otelia, in her bridal dress, glided among her guests, looking so contented, so charming, that even those who cavilled most at the choice she had made, were forced to admit that she seemed to have done that which was most congenial to her own happiness.

This brilliant festivity ended the first fond dream of the fervid woman's heart. With his new position, new cares and new pleasures arose upon the path of Arnold. The usual habits of life at the Park were set aside, and a constant round of company filled it with mirth that sometimes assumed the form of wassail. A clique of gay young men, who had nothing to do but amuse themselves, collected around Arnold, and frequently their carousals lasted deep in the night. Games were gradually introduced, high bets were made, and it soon became notorious to the whole neighborhood that the heiress of Clayton had given herself to a gambler and a reckless spendthrift.

All his attention to business, his quiet, refined deportment, had evidently been assumed for a purpose; that attained, he threw aside the mask, and showed what he really was with a coolness which alike defied rebuke or remonstrance.

Otelia beheld this change with fear and wonder; but the influence, which had become paramount to everything else, whirled her into the vortex of pleasure, and she grasped at a fewish and unsatisfactory happiness, in the belief that it was her duty to follow the man she loved whithersoever he might lead her. Whatever his faults might be, she clung to him with desperate affection, and dreamed any diminution of his regard as the last calamity that could befall her. Arnold endeavored to inspire her with the belief that

this was the only way to enjoy life, and amid all his dissipation he continued to impress her with the conviction that he could not live without her, that his affections were centred in her, though he could not exist without excitement.

Otelia often reverted to that summer dream of love and romance, and sighed to think it was ended for ever: she tried to teach herself that it was silly to have fancied for a moment that a man of spirit could be long satisfied with anything so monotonous; while it lasted, they travelled, and constant change of scene gave sufficient variety to their lives; but in the seclusion of her country home, without the society they had drawn around them, she tried to persuade herself she should have found the same dreariness which she had so severely felt before her marriage. She would not recur to the happy months that preceded their tour, while their union was yet unknown, for the certainty that they then sufficed to each other came with a bitter pang in contrast with the present.

She bore her disappointment bravely; and in the excitement of amusement and gay society, endeavored to stifle the suspicion that a day must come in which her idol would stand before her stripped of all that ennobled him to her imagination: lowered beneath the level of humanity by the courses into which he so madly plunged, yet from which she began to feel herself powerless to rescue him, much as he professed to love her.

Anita watched the progress of events with dissatisfaction, which gradually deepened into resentment; and she asked herself if it was for this end she had labored to place Arnold in his present position? She did not venture to remonstrate, for she knew that such an attempt would probably be met by a command to leave the Park; and as she saw the veil of sadness which dimmed the radiant happiness that once dwelt upon the face of the only being on earth she loved, her own resolution was half formed to assert the power she knew rested in her hands; but she shrank from the revelation she might make, as one of too fatal import to her she wished to serve, to be trusted in the possession of a man she believed as devoid of principle as Arnold.

One morning, while meditating on the best course to pursue, a sudden rap came to her door which made her heart leap; for in it she recognized the knock which for so long had not been heard there, and she wondered what brought Arnold to her room again. He walked in without ceremony, and the quodron marvelled at the change a few months had made in his appearance. The sculptured outline of his features already began to look coarse and harsh, and the deepening hue of his complexion showed that the constant use of wine would soon destroy the beauty in which he had once taken such pride. It had served his turn in winning him a rich wife, and he now had little value for it. His toilet was still attended to, for he had not yet lost all respect for the girl who had bestowed so much upon him.

As he threw himself upon a chair, Anita asked, "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit, Mr. Arnold?" "To something that will surprise you as unpleasantly as myself, for you were even more anxious to get rid of him than I was. Arthur Clayton is still living."

Anita glared on him in speechless fear: the blood retreated from cheek and lips, and she struggled to speak several moments before a sound came. At length, in a hollow broken tone, she asked, "Does my child—does my child know this?"

"Not yet; but what does it matter if she does? She does not know this mighty secret that you tried to impress me with before our marriage. She believes the deed that gave her the property to be valid; and if you know anything to the contrary, I command you to reveal it."

"How did you learn this news—it seems incredible!" asked Anita, who seemed to have recovered from the sudden shock his communication had given her. "If the boy still lives, how is it that we have so long heard nothing from him?" "He is living in Mississippi, and the communication between that distant point and this is not very constant. Clayton wrote no letters back, it seems, for his intimate associates lay around the places in which he had been educated and studied his profession; thus his escape from the burning steamer has remained unknown until a letter came from him on the agent for the estate in Richmond, demanding the last quarter of the annuity he draws, though I do not understand why he does not claim the arrears for the year since he has been gone."

"The claim may be a forged one," urged the listener, eager to catch at anything which could avert the terrible blow this must be to Otelia.

"No; I have also another letter which proves to me that while we have lulled ourselves in security, Clayton has been prosperous in the South-west. It is important that he shall be got rid of. Tell me the whole truth, Anita, or I will force it from you. This is no time for paltering—I must and will know the ground on which I stand."

The quodron received the threat with a scornful flash of her eyes, and she vindictively said,

"It will be enough for you to know that the tie which binds you to the heiress of Clayton is of no more value, while Arthur lives, than this thread of rotten yarn," and she snapped that she had been knitting in twain as she spoke.

Arnold grew very pale, and faltered,

"What do you mean?"

"That misy was married to her cousin in the church yonder by Mr. Carleton, who will prove the truth of my words, only a few days before her father's death; he left her as soon as the ceremony was over. Now you know one reason why I wished Arthur Clayton removed from your path. If that does not suffice, I may be goaded into telling you—no—no—that is unnecessary—I never—never will reveal it."

Arnold scarcely heard her concluding words; he angrily asked,

"Why was this concealed from me until this time?"

"Because there was no need of telling it, when we all thought him dead; misy's pride recoiled from having it known that she had been so treated, and for her sake the secret was kept."

"And now, what is to be done?"

"There is but one way—destroy him. Have you lost all clue to Waters?"

"Can he not serve you in this?"

"It is from him that I have received the letter confirming the fact of Clayton's existence. Waters has been in the state prison in Arkansas for the last year, convicted of setting fire to the steamer, mainly on the evidence of this young man; but he has managed his escape, and vows that he will yet accomplish his destruction."

"Then the boy may be dead by this time," eagerly replied Anita. "At any rate, write to Waters and let him know how important it is to have him off your path. Can we not conceal this from misy? It will be a dreadful blow to her."

"Poor child! yes—we must do it at all hazards. I would save her this suffering, for she loves me," said Arnold with something like feeling in his tone.

Anita gravely replied, "I would advise you to change your course of conduct, Mr. Arnold, and show misy that your affection for her was not merely assumed; for if this trial comes to her, it might not end as you could wish. She is not as happy as she was, and she may think the tie that binds her to you as well broken as not."

"Pooh! I am not afraid on that score, Otelia loves me entirely; but I choose to be legal master here, and not alone by her sufferance. I will keep this from her, and by the offer of a magnificent reward spur up Waters to lay Clayton where he cannot interfere with me."

Anita dropped her hands upon her lap, and her fingers worked nervously, while her eyes assumed a strange expression, as if she beheld in the far distance something which moved her to the very depths of her soul. Her lips trembled, but no sound issued from them, and a wild stony horror settled over her features. Arnold looked at her and shivered, in spite of his strong nerves, for there was something awful in the face before him. He laid his hand upon her shoulder, and shook her violently, as he said,

"Anita—woman—what is the matter? Come out of this nightmare, and speak to me."

This touch set the stagnating blood again in motion, and with a convulsive sob she seemed to regain her half suspended breath. Then she slowly turned her eyes upon him and said,

"I have seen a nightmare, for then the vision I beheld would be regarded as an idle dream; but it is not so—I possess the awful gift of second sight, and three times in my life have I beheld mirrored before me that which surely came to pass."

"Stuff! nonsense! I am surprised that so clear-headed a person as you should talk in so absurd a manner."

"You may jeer at it as you will, but I feel it here in my aching heart, and it has given me my deathblow. All I have done—all I have dared, has been in vain; that boy will triumph yet—I saw it; and the vision never lies."

The excitement communicated itself in a degree to Arnold, but he asked in an irritated tone,

"What did you see, you perverse old fool? Can't you speak so that you may be comprehended?"

Anita regarded him with stern defiance, as she said,

"The wisdom of the proud shall be brought to naught, and so it is with me. I have seen the insult you have just offered me, by telling you what I did behold. Know that I have the gift of fore-sight that which is to come to pass, from my African ancestors; for the Saxon blood that flows in my veins acknowledges no such superstition. My mother's grandfather was a great prophet among his tribe, and when he was taken captive in war, and sold into slavery, he brought with him his gift to his new country. It descends in a degree to all his children, and I, at long intervals, have had glimpses of the future, which invariably reveal the truth; mind, I say invariably; therefore my soul quails before that which I have beheld but now."

"What was it?" asked the listener, involuntarily lowering his voice.

"Listen then. I saw Arthur Clayton crowned with triumph, and my child lying at his feet—while you, you, fled and left her to perish alone. At the same time a voice spoke distinctly in my soul, which said, 'All is vain—the shield of right and justice shall ever come between you and your intended victim.'"

Arnold listened, and the scornful smile of the unbeliever came upon his lips. He mockingly said,

"I might have believed your revelation perhaps, but for one part—that which refers to myself. I shall never desert Otelia; and if that proves false, an also must the rest of this precious fabrication. Do not endeavor to regain power over me, Anita, by such absurdities; I assure you that they only fill me with contempt, and destroy the respect I once had for your intellect."

The quodron looked steadily at him, and that dark concentrated fire which gleamed from her eyes in moments of intense excitement burned fiercely in them again. She raised her voice to an unnatural pitch, and rocking her body to and fro said,

"Oh, that I never had aided you to win my child; what I did to save, will

only bring destruction more surely upon her. I see her sinking—sinking, and I cannot grasp her—she goes down—down—down."

The words died away in a low exhausted wail, and Arnold arose to leave the room, satisfied in his own mind that Anita was losing her senses. Just as he turned to the door, it precipitately opened, and Otelia, looking pale and frightened, stood before him.

"What is the matter with *ma mère*?" she asked; "and why are you here, Mr. Arnold?"

"I came hither to speak with her about her housekeeping duties, for they have not been so well performed of late as I could wish," he coolly answered. "Your nurse is rather too high-spirited for her position, my dear, and took my remonstrances in a way that is far from agreeable to me."

A flash of Otelia's old fire was seen, as she said,

"Next to yourself, I love *ma mère*, and she has been to me a consoler and friend when I had no other. Could not your affection for me teach you to spare any wound to her?"

"Upon my life, Otelia, it was a mere trifle; but Anita has such a temper there is no getting along with her. I shall not trouble her again, you may be sure."

He passed out, and Otelia came beside her nurse, and, taking her hand, said,

"What moves you thus, *ma mère*? My husband did not mean to wound you. O late, you are not well, and I wish you would take one of the younger servants to assist you. Then Mr. Arnold would have no cause to complain of neglected duties."

Anita did not reply to this: she sat up and struggled to regain her usual composure. At length she abruptly said,

"Misy, are you happy? Does this man you have given yourself to, always treat you as tenderly as at first? Ah, you grow pale; a shadow creeps up on your face, and I am answered. Go away—go away, child of my heart, for my spirit waits in anguish over your miserable lot."

Otelia proudly said,

"You read my emotion falsely then; for I love my husband as devotedly as when I gave him my hand. The romance of our attachment may be past, but its reality is only deepened and strengthened."

"Yes—on your side—on your side," she feebly replied; "but when the test comes—then—then—"

"What test can you refer to?" asked her young lady.

"Never mind—I know, and that is enough. Leave me, if you please, misy. I would like to be alone."

With a vague fear that her mind was becoming unbegging by the solitary life she led, Otelia obeyed her wish, and Anita remained long absorbed in bitter and revengeful thought. At length she muttered,

"I know the vision was true; all our efforts to get rid of Arthur Clayton have proved useless; and now I will use my own skill in another quarter. When misy learns that her cousin yet lives, she shall not have the horror of knowing herself the wedded wife of two living men. I will put one of them out of her way, and what matters it which one? She had better mourn the death of him she loves, than to bewail his desertion. She can console herself as she did for Arthur Clayton's loss. Oh! fool! fool! fool! that I was to be thus outwitted by this scheming, unprincipled man."

After meditating and arranging the terrible drama that arose before her, the quodron arose and opened a large chest which stood in one corner of her room. Lying down to the bottom, she drew forth a number of incongruous materials, tied in separate parcels and labelled. From these she selected hair tresses, herbs, and pieces of cloth, and over each separate article proceeded to utter an incantation which she firmly believed would confer on them mystic powers of evil against the one they were commanded to injure. Finally they were placed in a flat bottle, brimstone mixed in water poured over them, and exposed to the heat of the fire. That night when the rest of the household were buried in sleep, Anita crept from her room and concealed this evil charm beneath the lining of the sofa on which Arnold was in the habit of taking his siesta, uttering as she did so a form of anathema which might have frightened an evil spirit himself.

Returning to her own apartment, she searched for a vial of prussic acid, and as she held it up before the lamp, savagely muttered,

"If that fails, this will do the work surely and well. A single drop in his ear, and he will die as did that little one, long ago."

She shuddered at the memory of a ghastly face which once lay pillowed on her breast, and precipitately closed the drawer.

CHAPTER XXX.

DORA would not shadow the happiness of her mother's marriage by permitting her to see the anguish that filled her own breast. With the courage of the Spartan boy, she concealed the wound which at moments she believed would prove fatal, for her affection for Arthur had strengthened until she despairingly thought that death would be better than separation from him. Yet she dared no longer think of him as her lover; another claimed him as her husband, and to her of right belonged all the love she had prized as the bright jewel of her life.

The conduct of Clayton added to this suffering, for he hung upon her steps, listened to her words, and often wrung from her involuntary proofs that his intentions were as all-powerful, and heedless of the anguish he occasioned, he would show her how much he exulted in this; how determined he was that she should not escape from the tie which bound her so strongly to himself, although she assured him again and again that she would never marry him while Otelia lived.

Col. Wentworth took a more dispassionate view of the position of the two toward each other, and he permitted Clayton to visit his house as usual when his niece was there, in the belief that time would gradually reconcile her to the existence of his strangely wedded bride, and by the time Arthur was legally free to offer her his hand, Dora would know that only by accepting it could she secure happiness in the future. He believed she was too rational to permit a phantom to stand between herself and the man she preferred, when the time for a final decision arrived; and he should have the satisfaction of yet seeing the two he loved as his children happily united.

In the meantime this conflict of feeling caused the young sufferer to grow pale and nervous, and her mother was roused from the new happiness that filled her own heart, to fear and tremble for her darling. She watched to discover the cause of her changed spirit, and soon saw that Clayton was the author of the evil, though how or why she could not determine; for he seemed more devoted than ever to Dora, while she received his attentions as if she wished to repel them, yet had not firmness to do so.

Mrs. Linden spoke to her brother, but Clayton's secret was still confined to the knowledge of himself and his niece, and he did not feel authorized to divulge it. She then had recourse to her daughter. She entered Dora's room when she knew she was alone, and found her with her head bent down beside a window which opened upon the approach to the house; and when she turned her face toward her she saw that it was covered with tears. They were hastily wiped away as she beheld her mother within a few paces of her, while she attempted to smile.

A horseman was vanishing in the distance, riding slowly and despondently away, and Mrs. Linden knew that Dora had positively refused to see him only half an hour before, and now watched his departure with such signs of grief as were not to be mistaken. She drew her to a seat beside her, and tenderly said,

"My beloved Dora, why is this? You no longer confide in me; you cherish a secret grief which I am not permitted to share. A grief whose course is incomprehensible to me. Speak, my darling; to whom should you unburden your heart, if not to your mother?"

Dora crushed back her tears, and calmly replied,

"Mother, do not let my silly fancies disturb your new-found happiness; I suffer now, because Arthur—Mr. Clayton, will not let my decision against him be final; he follows me, he persecutes me, and I cannot escape from him."

"Yet you weep because you have refused to see him, as you did but now? My child, this seems sadly inconsistent. You cannot understand your own heart, or you would not trifle thus with your happiness. I thought you loved Mr. Clayton, Dora."

"Yes—I did—as a brother, but he can be nothing more to me," she evasively replied.

Mrs. Linden arose and looked from the window a few moments in troubled thought; she at length said,

"You refuse me your confidence, and I cannot demand that you shall bear your heart before me. I see you suffer, yet cannot aid you. Will change of scene help you to regain your spirit, my love?"

Dora eagerly grasped at this proposal; she said,

"Oh, yes—take me away, where I cannot see him—where I can have time to conquer myself. That is all I need. Yes, mother, take me away at once."

"It seems very strange to me, Dora, but I will do the best I can for you; though I am acting quite in the dark. Mr. Linden and myself contemplate a visit to New Orleans, and we will hurry our departure, taking you and Grace with us. I will give Mr. Clayton a hint that we do not wish him to join the party, as you seem to desire to avoid him. Shall it be so, love?"

"If you please, mother," was the quiet response.

But when Mrs. Linden left the room, she threw herself upon the bed, and wept so violently that it seemed to her all that had gone before was as nothing to this tempest of passion.

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! how shall I live without seeing you, without knowing that you are near me! Yes, I will go—I will forget—I will be strong; for this is worse than silly—it is criminal, knowing as I do that you are the husband of another woman."

She arose, bathed her face, arranged her hair, and made efforts to regain the composure which had so sadly been put to flight. She felt that her health was beginning to suffer from the cruel conflicts in her mind, and for the sake of those to whom she was so dear, she must endeavor to acquire resignation and calmness beneath the blow that had so bitterly tortured her.

Dora felt as if Arthur's unhappy position must not be revealed, and another reason also caused her to shrink from confiding her true relation to him to her mother. She knew that Mr. Linden had been worse than widowed for fifteen years, and might with impunity have accepted the happiness she now enjoyed long before the death of her husband took place; but her delicate sense of right taught her that though the law of man might free her, that of heaven emphatically bound her to remain true to the vows she had taken till death released her from them. Such Dora knew would be her decision now, and she would probably take such steps as must break off all intercourse with Clayton, knowing that to be the only chance her child possessed to regain the calmness she had lost.

Dora could not yet bear this; time would reconcile her to its necessity, she thought; but now, she had not strength to be entirely separated from him. She would go to New Orleans; plunge into the gaiety of the carnival which was approaching, and experiment upon her own heart to see how much it would

bear. If it gained strength in absence, it was well; if not, she dared not look to the alternative, for she feared that her very existence was staked on the issue.

Arthur alternately hoped and desponded; he would not believe that all chance of eventually winning Dora was destroyed; but her persevering refusal to listen to him if he ventured to allude to their mutual position filled him with despair, and at times with rage. Why could she not be reasonable, and take the same view of his relations to his cousin which were entertained by her uncle and himself? Yet in the midst of his fiercest anger, he felt that this pure soul which recoiled even from the appearance of wrong, was dearer a thousand fold than if she had listened to the voice of passion alone, and secured her own happiness, even if it compromised the rights of another.

He had received no replies to the two letters sent to Otelia in the early days of their separation, and pride prevented him from addressing her again; in the present miserable state of his mind he felt as if he must hear from the Park, and learn how affairs had gone on there since his departure. He had no intimate friends near his uncle's residence, and he hesitated as to whether he should write to the family lawyer, or to the clergyman who had performed the inauspicious ceremony which was now binding him to misery. He finally concluded that as Mr. Carleton knew the source of his interest in all that concerned Otelia, he would address him; and forthwith a letter was indited which was to carry consternation into the parsonage, and fear to the good but weak man who had been lured into doing what his conscience alone condemned.

The arrangements for the proposed trip to New Orleans were made, and the day after Clayton had heard it discussed and decided on at the Cane Brake, Col. Wentworth placed in his hand a note from his niece; he remarked,

"I've done all I conscientiously can for you, Arthur; and now I've come to the conclusion that Dora must be permitted to manage her affairs her own way. I shall always be your fast friend, but since I talked with her last night I am convinced that she will be miserable if she marries you under such circumstances as she must, if she accepts you at all; and my opinion is, that the only fair chance the poor child has to recover her spirits is to let her have her own way, and no longer trouble her with devotion which she thinks it a sin for you to feel for her."

"Yet I believe if it is withdrawn, she will be more miserable than she now is," replied Arthur, gloomily. "I cannot help thinking Dora unreasonably fastidious. Can she not let things glide quietly on as they did before this cruel knowledge came to her, and put off the necessity for a decision until the time arrives, when I can ask her to make it?"

"Ah, my boy, you know that by that time, Dora would have lost all power to cling to the right. She comprehends that, and therefore refuses such trifling with destiny. Read her note, and give me your answer, for I am hurried this morning."

Arthur glanced over these words:

"I have consented to accompany my mother, that I may escape from the power you still triumph in wielding over me; for I am resolute to do that which is right. I demand of you that you shall not follow me; and if you do I assure you that I will come back at once to the Cane Brake, without seeing or enjoying anything. If you wish to deprive me of such advantages as I may obtain from change of scene, by pursuing me with your usual reckless disregard of my peace, you can do so; but I will not meet you before I re-embark for my home."

DORA.

He snatched a pen and wrote in reply—

"Your letter is cruel, but I forgive you, and I cease to persecute you from this hour. I can do so, Dora, for the assurance that you will yet be mine beats so strongly in my heart, that I can afford to wait. Yes—you will be mine yet—remember that, and do not make too strenuous efforts to root out the love which shall in time be the blessing of our united hearts. Ever your devoted,"

ARTHUR.

When Col. Wentworth gave Dora these lines, she was in a very despondent state, for she was afraid she had expressed herself too harshly to her lover; and, inconsistent as it seemed with her resolutions, the strong faith in their future union expressed by him flooded her heart with a sense of happiness she had not known since that terrible revelation of his previous marriage came to her.

Colonel Wentworth, his wife and son, and Palmer, joined the party to New Orleans, and Clayton felt quite deserted when the Memphis packet bore them away, to be absent more than a month. In the recent unsettled state of his mind, his business had accumulated on his hands, and he remained at the office until late at night, resolute to stifle the sense of desolation in his heart by hard labor. All his efforts to trace the man who had given the information of his marriage to Dora had signally failed; and until he could hear from Mr. Carleton, he tormented himself with conjectures as to how it had become known, and what effect the revelation had produced on Otelia.

One night, about three weeks after the departure of his friends, Clayton remained in the little den he dignified with the name of an office until nearly twelve o'clock. As he was about to leave, a timid knock came to the door, and he arose to open it. To his surprise he recognised Sambo, the former servant of Richard Wentworth, whose arrival in Mississippi should have been duly chronicled as occurring many months before this time. The old negro had chosen to spend his last days with the child of the master he continued faithful to love, when he had estranged himself from other friends.

Clayton saw that his unexpected visitor was much excited, and he said,

"Come in, Sambo, and tell me what brings you thither at so unreasonable an hour?"

With one spring he bounded in, closed the door rapidly, and then, before the astonished young man could speak, he blew out the lamp that dimly burned upon the table. In explanation, he made violent gestures toward the window, which had neither curtain nor shutter, as he whispered,

"White men on your track—wine to shoot you through de winder of ole Sambo hadn't a head 'em plannin' it. Look dar—see now ef 'twas 'at right to git rid o' de light."

Arthur looked in the direction in which he pointed, and saw, by the clear straight without, a head thrust close to the window, which was presently joined by another, and as the last comer moved his arm he saw the glitter of a pistol barrel. Why they sought his life, and with such deadly intent, he did not know; but in a moment his blood was seething, and he was ready for the fray, even against such odds. Fortunately he had a pair of revolvers in his pocket with which he had that morning been trying his skill with a young companion in shooting at a mark, little dreaming it would so soon be called into play. He knew they were both loaded, for he had just prepared them for another round, when the other party was called away. He gave one of them to Sambo, and whispered,

"Now call up all your courage, old man, and pick off one of these fellows, while I deal with the other. They are outside preparing for a rush; but, as I am on my guard, we will try and prove more than a match for them."

A slight shuffling and suppressed whispering was heard, and then the men seemed to station themselves near the door, as if expecting their intended victim to issue from it, unsuspecting of the danger that lay upon his path. Five minutes passed in suspense; during which Clayton had great fears that his ably ally would find his courage oozing out at his finger ends. But he manfully stood his ground, with his weapon resolutely pointed in the direction of the door. Suddenly it was thrown wide open from without, and four pistols were simultaneously discharged.

When the smoke cleared away, one of the assailants lay upon the floor apparently dead, and the other one fled from the scene with a severe wound in his arm, while Sambo was entirely uninjured, and Clayton only had his hair a little singed by the bullet that was aimed at his brain.

Sambo knelt down by the man on the floor, exclaiming,

"I kilt dis here, Marse Clayton; case he's de one I fired at. I meant to kilt him; for he said as long as he lived you'd never be safe in your bed. I knowed him by de ole hat he had on, all knocked on one side."

Having ascertained that the man had disappeared, Arthur sought for some matches, and relighted the lamp. As he held it over the face of the man, who proved to be quite dead, he thought the features familiar to him. Causing Sambo to remove the hat and a wig he wore, he at once recognized him as the incendiary he had believed safe in the penitentiary in the neighboring State of Arkansas, and the negro also exclaimed,

"Well, dis beats all! Ef dis ain't Bob Waters, what used to be 'mong dem knoebmen in Ole Virginny, I'll give up! What bring de creetur here, I wonder—and what for he have a grudge against you, sir?"

"It is only the old grudge of the detected thief against him who aided in punishing him. How did you discover his intention to take my life, Sambo?"

"I were huntin' some chickens dat belonged to me, what took to roostin' out in de woods. I was stealin' to de tree, so's not to make 'em fly off wif de noise, an' I heard two men a talkin' behind a clump o' brush. They was strange voices, an' I stopped jes' to see who dey was, an' what dey was arter. Le's Jimini! didn't my harz when I found out dey was plannin' to kilt you? As fast dey thought dey'd wait till you come along on your horse, an' shoot you; but as you mought go down to de Cane Brake, or come to de Dell, instead o' goin' way in de wilderness to your own cabin, dey thought 'twould be surer to kilt you in de office. I found dat out, an' made tracks. I kep' in de shadow o' de woods, an' got round to ther side o' de house, while dey come on de side whar de winder was. Ther—dat's all I've got to tell, and now let's see arter dis here feller."

Clayton grasped the horny hand of the old man, as he said,

"This is no time to express my thanks for what I owe you, Sambo; but the future shall prove that I have a just sense of the service you have rendered me. I must now go over to the clerk's office, rouse up Stanton, and tell him what has happened here."

It is not our purpose to follow him in the steps taken to have Waters identified, and the true circumstances of the fray made known. A pocket-book was found in the dead man's possession, which Clayton undertook to examine; and he was truly thankful that the task devolved on him, as he found there such information concerning his unhappy cousin, and the man she had married, as he would not have had fall into the hands of any other person.

There was a letter from Arnold informing Waters of his union with Miss Clayton, formed in the belief that her first bridegroom had perished; but the news had come as a thunderbolt to him, that Arthur Clayton yet lived; and he urged his agent, by every tie that bound them together, to rid him of his rival without delay—that, in learning news so fatal to her peace, Otelia might at the same time learn that she could legalize her marriage with himself. A draft for a large sum, drawn in Arnold's name, and payable in New Orleans, was folded in this. After reading it, Arthur sat in a species of bewilderment, trying to arrange his ideas, and see what must be the result to his hapless cousin.

That she was married to a villain was plain; that the tie was legal he had strong doubts, though both parties must be held innocent in contracting it. But he remembered a case recorded in his native State, where a forced marriage had taken place, and the bride eloped with her lover within an hour after

the ceremony was performed. In the suit which followed she was held to be the lawful wife of the one last wedded, and so might the anomalous position of Otelia be construed. At all events, the decision should rest with herself, and Clayton made preparations to set out for Virginia without delay.

Otelia must be shown the precipice on which she stood, and rescued at all hazards from the wretch into whose power she had fallen. The cold-blooded earnestness with which Arnold urged his own destruction filled Arthur with horror, and gave him a glimpse into the unscrupulous nature of the man, which caused him to marvel how such as he seemed could have acquired such power over so haughty a nature as Otelia's, in so brief a space of time as had led her to bestow her hand upon him, without satisfying herself beyond a doubt that the rumor of his own death was true.

He decided to go to Virginia by the way of New Orleans, as that would afford him an opportunity of seeing Dora before he left, and informing her of the new phase his affairs had assumed. His bride wedded to another, would she still refuse him hope for the future? In a state of feverish restlessness, he took passage on the first boat that passed down the river, and on the evening of the second day after his departure was landed in New Orleans.

With a heart beating with renewed hope, though in its depths lay a heavy load of sorrow for her toward whom he journeyed to reveal that her fortune was so awfully blighted, Clayton ascended the flight of steps which leads into the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel. He felt his hand grasped immediately on entering, and a cheerful voice said,

"By Jove! it is Arthur Clayton, sure enough! when I have thought him dead for a year. Why, old fellow, where have you been? and how does it happen that you did not write back to let your friends know that the newspapers lied, and you were safe and sound?"

In the speaker Arthur recognized a gentleman from Staunton, whom he had known from his boyhood, and he cordially grasped his hand, as he replied,

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Taylor, and I shall listen with interest to all you can tell me of the occurrences at the Park since I left. I have not written back, because I had reason to think that the only person likely to feel an interest in hearing from me was more than indifferent to my fate."

"There, I believe, you were wrong," replied Mr. Taylor, seriously; "for it was the universal opinion among the friends of your family that if you had remained at the Park you might have retained your inheritance, and saved your cousin from the miserable adventurer she married as soon as she could do so with any show of propriety."

While he was speaking, he led Clayton aside from the crowd, and they sat in the shadow of a massive pillar, and pursued their conversation.

"Tell me of this Arnold," said Arthur. "Until a few days ago I was ignorant of Otelia's marriage to him; and I am afraid the poor girl has committed a fatal step for her own happiness."

"What I can tell is known to all observers. Arnold took the control of the estate as nearest of kin, and established his mother at the Park. He was a model man of business, and so graceful and fascinating in his deportment in society, that he won golden opinions from every one. If I had been asked about him myself, I should have pronounced him one of the exceptions to the young men of the present day. He is the most consummate dissembler I ever knew; for, after securing the heiress as his wife, he commenced a reckless and extravagant kind of life, which the quiet people of the neighborhood considered even disreputable; he hunts, drinks, and gambles, and sets at defiance every law of propriety when he is in the humor to do so."

"And my cousin—how does she bear this?" asked Arthur, with a self-accusing conscience.

"The strangest part of it is, that such is the love this man has inspired her with, that she submits to everything he chooses to do, and tries to think he is acting right. They travelled the first summer of their marriage, and he devoted himself to her with his infernal art, until he obtained the complete mastery of that haughty nature that I once thought would disdain love as a weakness."

Arthur sighed, as he said,

"I am on my way to Virginia now, to look after the interests of my cousin. I do not know that I can benefit much, but I have at least the power to rescue her from the fate she has chosen."

"I do not think you will find her in a mood to relinquish the man for whom she seems to cherish an infatuated affection."

At that moment the gong for supper sounded, and Clayton went in to the gentlemen's ordinary with his companion. He found none of the party from the Cane Brake there, as they supped with the ladies in another saloon. He was too much excited in the prospect of an interview with Dora to have much appetite, and in a few moments he left the table, and retired to his own room, to render his toilette suitable for presentation in Colonel Wentworth's private parlor. He had ascertained the number of Palmer's room, and when he was quite ready, Clayton sought it out, and found him preparing to go to the opera with Grace Linden.

"So, you would come in spite of the prohibition from the fair Dora?" he exclaimed, when he saw who his visitor was. "You see that Grace and I have eluded not some of this mystery, though we can't tell for our lives why you and Dora torment each other the way you are doing. Come now, be a good fellow and explain—"

"Some other time; not just now, but you shall be fully enlightened before long," replied Arthur, gravely. "Can you tell me if Miss Wentworth will go out this evening? I would give much to secure a few moments uninterrupted conversation with her."

"It so happens that I can tell you that she has declined going to the opera with the rest of us, for she is not well. It is my belief that you are trying to break this young girl's heart, or she is trying to break yours, I can't make out which. All I know is, that you are a precious pair of tormentors to each other."

"Is Dora really ill?" asked Arthur, anxiously.

"Ill?—yes—and I believe she will be dead in three months, if you don't change your conduct toward each other. It is a shame that two people who might be so happy should play the fool with their own hearts, as you and Dora are doing."

"Don't grow too indignant, Palmer; I trust that I bring a panacea for Dora's ill-health and depression. I believe I have in my possession the clue that will lead us to a bright future."

Palmer warmly grasped his hand, as he said,

"I hope it may be so, and this stupid mystery be cleared up; for, hang me, if I can see any satisfactory reason why all this trouble should have arisen. We will leave Dora in the parlor, for the rest of us are all going to hear the opera of 'Norma.' She did not care to go, and her mother thought the music would affect her too much. You will be sure to find her there alone if you wait till we are fairly off."

"Thank you for the information. I will keep out of the way until the others have left, and then join Dora to plead my cause for the last time. If she refuses to listen to me now, I shall despair of success."

Half an hour later Dora sat in a large chair, covered with crimson velvet, with her languid head thrown back, and a faint dew gathering slowly on her cheek, which she would not suffer to fall in tears. The excitement of her recent life had only wearied her, without producing the reaction in her spirits which she had hoped for. Day by day her yearning heart ached for the beloved presence from which she had fled, and she felt that to live without Clayton was impossible. She despised her own weakness, yet bent like a swaying reed beneath the burden of hopelessness that pressed upon her.

The door of the apartment was softly opened and as cautiously closed, and a noiseless step came over the thick carpet. The intruder gazed passionately on the fair face on which such deep depression was stamped, and then knelt before her. With a startled cry Dora unclosed her eyes, saw Arthur Clayton there, and in the impulse of sudden joy that moved her threw herself upon his breast. Recollection came to her in a moment, and she struggled to escape from the arms that closed around her, but her lover whispered in her ear,

"Dora, darling—my cousin has wedded another. Her heart will not be broken by our union. Speak then, tell me that I may hope."

She murmured but one word in reply, and that was his own name; uttered with such an infection of tenderness, such a gush of passionate happiness, that he felt he was answered. Her long pent-up emotion overflowed in tears, but the young lover soothed them with such effect, that when the party from the opera returned, the two were in animated conversation, and a soft blush tinged Dora's cheek as she encountered the astonished gaze of those who had believed her resolution to refuse Clayton to be irrevocable. He briefly said in explanation,

"My friends, the cloud that rested between Dora and myself is lifted, and we understand each other now."

Col. Wentworth expressed his delight at this change in their prospects. Clayton drew him aside and explained what had occurred since he left the Cane Brake, and showed him why it was necessary that he should go at once to Virginia, and place his cousin in a position to rid herself of her unprincipled husband, provided she had the will to do so.

On the following morning Clayton set out for his native State, his mind divided between joy and sorrow. Joy that Dora would eventually be his, and sorrow for the great anguish he was bearing with him to the playmate of his early years.

(To be continued.)

TRIP FROM PARIS TO CHINA.

(Continued from page 132.)

in romance or in song are blue—and this would appear to be the orthodox color for all well-behaved waters. But this storied tide is decidedly green—a bright emerald green, with a transparent light in every wave. Why it was so, proved a question easier asked than answered. Kate guessed that there was a fine growth of seaweed at the bottom; Clara thought the waters must be deep and turbid, and Haswell learnedly conjectured that it was owing to the presence of small animalcules swarming in the tides. But a grim old Arab, who had stood for some moments leaning with his back against a pillar of the verandah, here struck in, and with a curious mixture of doggerel English, wretched French, and volubrious mother-tongue, explained to us that this strange tint was caused by vast stretches of shallow water over golden sands, which always produced this grass color. The blue of the sky, reflected from yellow sand, combined to form a delicate and brilliant

green; the water officiating as a sort of medium in which nature might fuse her colors.

After the ladies had gone to their own rooms, we still lingered some time on the cool verandah, smoking our cheroots and cigars, sometimes whispering together in the soft familiar intonation of our own native tongue, sometimes listening with regular Yankee curiosity to the solemn monosyllabic conversation of our Oriental neighbors. One or two Englishmen (recent arrivals, with whom we had not yet become "hail fellow, well met"), leaned over the railing, gazing into the far distance, very much as if they were sighing internally for the "flesh-pots of Egypt," or rather for the familiar hills and quiet landscapes of Old England. And thus, between smoking, sleeping, and chatting, passed away our first night in Suez.

The survey of the city of Suez, which occupied our next day's sojourn, proved neither very edifying nor very attractive to us. Not to speak too irreverently, it is what we should call an extremely tumble-down old place. The houses for the most part look as if they were shrivelled and shrunk up by the intense action of the sun—most of the streets are entirely guiltless of any pretensions whatever to pavements, and the dozen or so of mosques which ornament the place seem to stare blankly at one another, as if wondering how they ever got there—while the one Greek church seems to bid a tacit defiance to its minaretted brethren on every side. On the whole there was no particular inducement for us to prolong our stay in this city, so, after a solemn council on the matter duly held at our hotel, we concluded to start the next morning on our voyage down the Red Sea.

Towards evening, when the heat of the day had subsided, the air became delightfully cool and refreshing, and we strayed out again upon our pleasant little balcony. The ladies of our party were deeply engaged, in the privacy of their own apartments, in the mysteries of packing. How under the sun they ever contrived to get the ten thousand and one "things" that belonged to them into those three or four little trunks was entirely beyond our comprehension—we could only humbly admire their skill and beseech them to lend a friendly hand in the adjustment of our own personal goods and chattels. But it proved rather lonesome work to be lounging around on the verandah, deprived of the pleasant glances and cheerful small-talk of our lady companions, and the young cadets soon proposed that we should visit one of the celebrated cafés of Suez. Mr. Mallison was at first a little inclined to object, but the colonel espoused the cause of the young men, cheerfully declared that "boys would be boys," and packed us off almost before we knew what he was about.

The lively interior of the café presented quite a different *tout-ensemble*. It was a large and lofty room, with latticed door and windows, and a long bench or counter extending completely around the room, on which were lounging various customers, who turned round to gaze curiously at the new-comers. A perfumed lamp hung from the ceiling, so disposed by the aid of pulleys and cords, that it could be raised or lowered at will.

Being disposed to "do at Rome as the Romans do," we called for pipes and coffee, and established ourselves comfortably on the counter, to smoke, and make internal observations on the curious groups surrounding us.

Directly opposite our party sat two wise and solemn looking old Arabs, whom, from their gay dresses and consequential manners, we concluded to be dignitaries of some note. Their pipes were larger than anything of the kind we had yet seen—the bowls were massive urns, curiously carved and ornamented, around which was twined and wreathed a vast length of pipe, which, after a variety of serpent-like convolutions, seemed to find its way to the bearded lips of the two old smokers. All around us were scattered little clusters of *bon vivants*, some talking and arguing in an undertone, some puffing away in grave and dignified silence.

Two or three quick, tawny complexioned little servants were kept continually running to and fro, at the beck and call of every one. They seemed quite accustomed to their vocation, and apparently were not at all cast down by the frequent cuffs and slaps bestowed on them by impatient customers. Their black, bead-like eyes were constantly twinkling in every corner, and there was not a single fold in the vesture of any man in the room, of which they did not take silent cognizance.

Early the next morning we embarked on board of an enterprising vessel, with the fair prospect of a delightful voyage down the Red Sea. It was a lovely morning; the sky bluer than any one not acquainted with the Eastern atmosphere can imagine; the soft green waves parting on either side before the swift course of our ship, and a pleasant breeze stirring the ladies' curls and the gentlemen's cravat-ends. On the whole, it was decidedly romantic.

"We are in the midst of Bible scenery here," observed Colonel Mallison; "the Red Sea is full of sacred associations. Probably it was in this vicinity that the rod of Moses divided the waters, and the army of the Israelites passed through on dry land."

"Is this the place, papa?" said Kate, leaning over the bulwarks, with interest.

"Why, as nearly as we can guess, it is. There are so many traditions on the subject, that it is difficult to fix upon the location with any degree of certainty. Nearly all the shore-villages for one hundred and forty-one miles, from Suez downward, claim the miracle to have taken place in their own immediate neighborhood."

For some distance we proceeded rapidly and well, but after a little while, the wind fell, and we were unwillingly compelled to acknowledge ourselves becalmed!

As we felt rather anxious to be making some progress on our journey, this was a disagreeable situation; but we concluded to make the best of it, so some of the passengers burrowed among their trunks for readable books, and stretched themselves on the deck to lose their troubles in the pages of "Little Dorrit," or some other light literature, and some lighted their cigars and meerschaums to puff away dull care in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Our Arab pilot leaned over the bulwarks seeming to count the ripples of the tide beneath; he was a silent, uncommunicative sort of a mortal, with such a blank, unmeaning face that for our lives we could not tell whether he was pleased or vexed at this detaining calm.

Towards evening this vexatious calm changed to a lively wind, and we got under weigh again, greatly to our satisfaction. A glorious sunset on the Red Sea concluded the day's programme; the skies seemed one blaze of purple and amber light, and the radiance quivered along our deck, like slender threads of gold. The whole was reproduced in the clear sea, and long after the sun itself had gone down, the orange light lingered in the whole of the western horizon.

We had a moonlight dance on deck, after the heat of the day had subsided; the smooth planks formed an excellent ball-room for us, and as one of the young cadets was the lucky possessor of a little flute, he screwed its component parts together and played us half a dozen merry waltzes and schottisches, to which the music of our feet kept excellent time, only disturbed by the uproarious cackling of half a dozen geese, confined in coops on the deck. No doubt we disturbed their nightly meditations and slumbers, and they took this clamorous method of entering a protest, which had no other effect upon us than to increase our merriment.

(To be continued.)



SCENE IN A CAFE AT SUEZ.

A TRIP FROM PARIS TO CHINA.

(By our own Correspondent.)

THE RAJPOOTNI BRIDE.

ALTHOUGH the Rahtore's wound had been desperate, he was not long in recovering, and having found a secret opportunity of declaring his passion to his lovely preserver, he soon after made overtures to the hereditary foe of his family to bestow upon him the hand of his daughter. With the most ferocious indignation, the old man rejected this proposal, at the same time reproaching the young warrior with having stolen his child's affection at a period when he was dependant entirely upon her father's hospitality. Thus the breach was irreparably widened, and the young chief considered himself personally insulted, and such an insult is never either forgotten or forgiven by a Rajpoot.

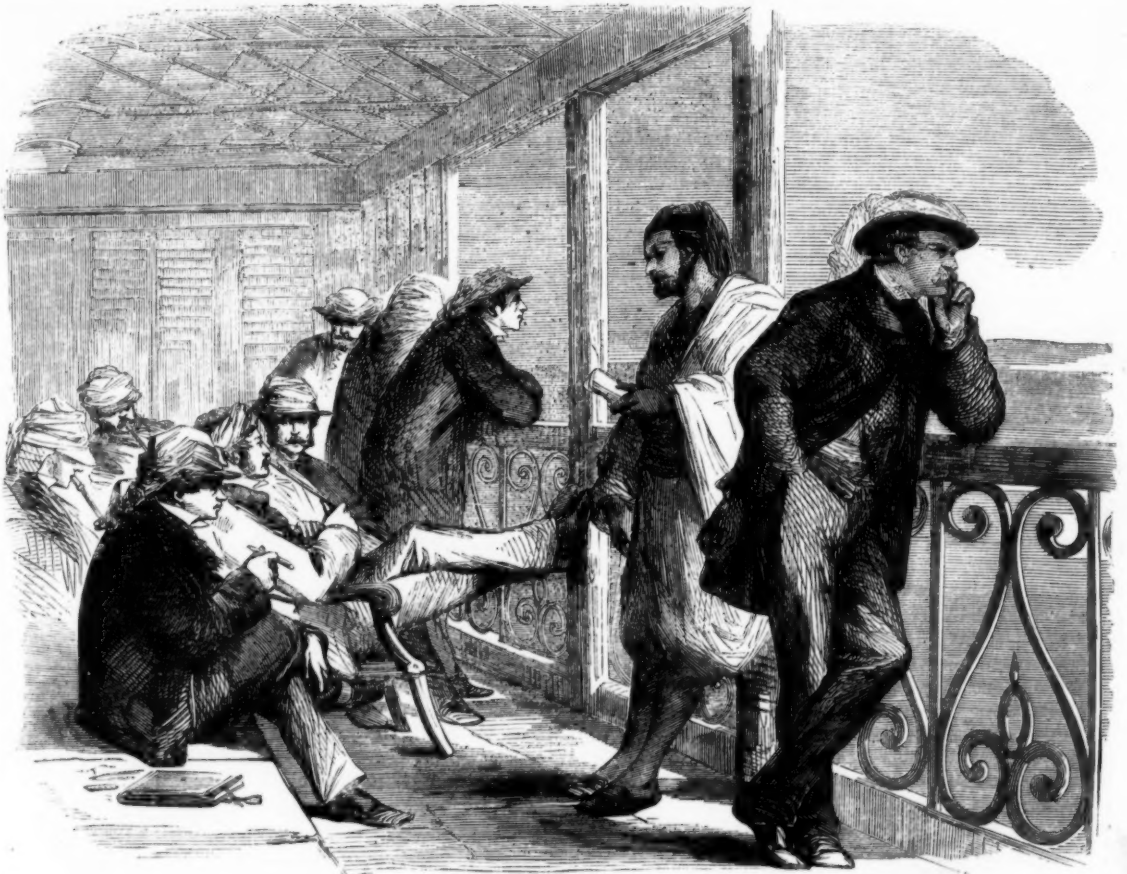
On the following morning the old man visited his daughter. "Forget him, girl!" he cried sternly, "his shadow never can darken this portal as a member of our house. I would sooner behold the tiger an inmate of these walls, than the man you desire to wed."

One morning soon after, the father and daughter were as usual engaged in the chase, when they were separated as before. The Hara sought eagerly to rejoin the maiden, but just as he came in sight of her, a horseman suddenly emerged from the thicket, rode up to the lovely Rajpootni, and placing her on his own fiery steed, plunged into the jungle in the sight of her father and his numerous attendants. It was the Rahtore! Vain was pursuit, for the fugitives were at a distance, and soon disappeared amid the thick recess of the forest.

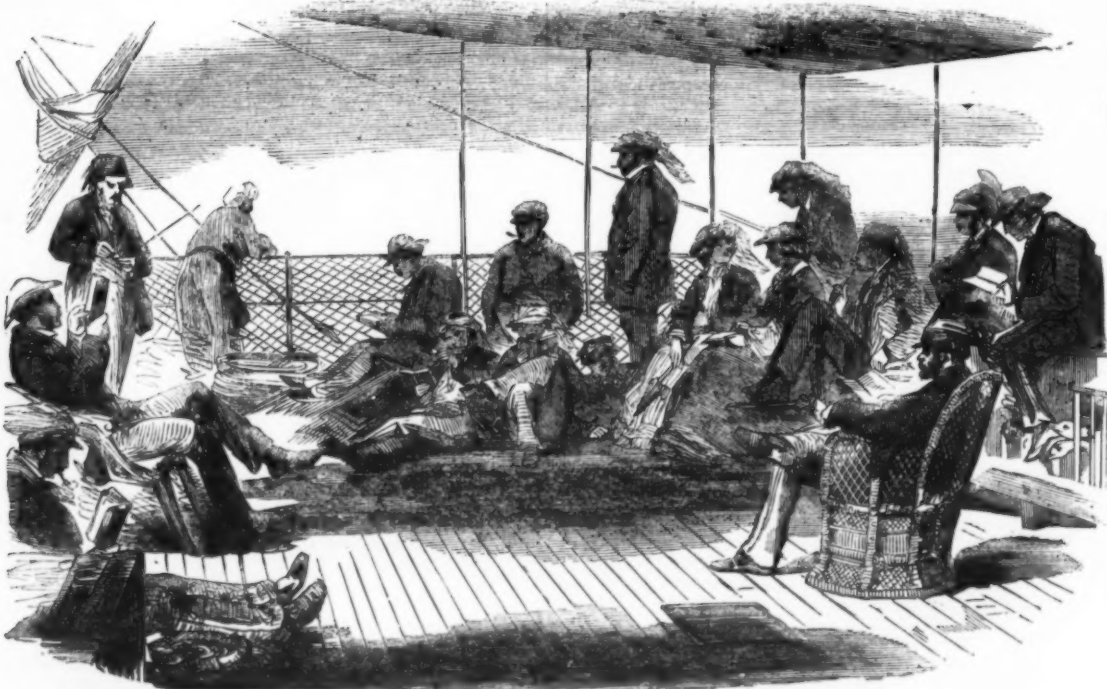
At the Rahtore's dwelling all was harmony and rejoicing. The bridal feast was prepared—the bride and bridegroom had satisfied the compact to which their hearts had long been mutually pledged. The neighbors were all assembled, and the air was vocal with song and music. The feast was at its zenith of merriment, when intelligence arrived that the Hara chief was approaching to avenge the abduction of his daughter. The banquet was abruptly suspended, and without a moment's delay, the Rahtore mustered his followers. These were few, but resolute—they were not more than a hundred and fifty men—nevertheless a true Rajpoot never declines a contest; with him, death is preferable to disgrace.

"Should thy discomfiture be the decree of the Eternal," she exclaimed, "thy soul shall not occupy the severga bowers alone—thy bride will accompany thee to the abodes of the brave and rue."

The adverse parties met—the encounter was tremendous. Revenge was the cry, and death the issue. The battle was nobly



SCENE ON THE VERANDAH AT SUEZ.



A CALM ON THE RED SEA.

fought; but numbers were against the Rahtores, and at length, after a desperate struggle, they were cut off to a man. Their leader alone remained, and he quitted the field under cover of evening, leaving but fifty of his enemies to tell the story of their sanguinary victory.

Returning pensively from the spot, he approached his home. He found the door barred, and knocked with the hilt of his scimitar.

"Open to thy bridegroom, love," he cried; "open and bid him welcome."

"Hah! how went the battle?" inquired the Rajpootni, in a calm and impassioned voice that thrilled his very heart.

"I alone am left to tell the sad tale of defeat. Every Rahtore save myself lies upon the bloody field. Numbers were against us, and seeing that all was lost, I saved a worthless life for thy sake. Open, my sita!"

"To whom?"

"To thy husband."

"I have none: he perished on the bloody field from which thou hast ignominiously fled. He never would have returned but with victory on his brow! My husband was no coward—no recreant to retire from the field of glory and leave the sable garland of death on every head but his own. Go from the door of the widow-bride, who knows the sacrifice due to one who is dead to her for ever."

The Rahtore was deeply stung by this reproof; but dreading that terrible sacrifice at which she had remotely hinted, he broke open the door and rushed through the deserted chambers. She was not there, but her maidens, all in tears, pointed to an inclosure at the back of the house, where she had ordered the fatal pile to be erected. With dim eyes and swimming head he beheld her already upon the burning pile.

She seemed absolutely enwreathed with the flames, but every now and then a gust of wind blew the fire from its victim, and discovered her for an instant, with the same indignant disdain in her countenance; but no glance or sign betrayed the intense agony she was suffering. The skin of her arms burst and curled up like a scroll of parchment, the sinews snapped—but she looked upon the destruction of her beautiful body with a scornful smile. At length her eyes appeared to start from their sockets. She fell backward into the flames, and perished, with one long, deep sigh!

When the body was completely consumed, the miserable Rahtore placed the ashes in a jar upon the hearth of their marriage

apartment, and sallied forth to meet death and seek revenge. He crept stealthily through the jungle, like a tiger lurking for its prey, and at length gained the tent of his mortal adversary, who was lost in slumber, after the fatigues of the bloody day.

Covered by the darkness, the Rahtore glided through the opening of the tent—he found no impediment—all was still as death. A dim lamp threw a heavy ochreous light around, near which lay the Hara chief wrapped in repose. Withdrawing his eyes for a moment from his victim, an expiration of the deepest bitterness slowly escaped from the Rahtore's laboring bosom. He drew his sword, which gleamed faintly in the lamplight, and stood over his foe like an avenging demon. The old man started from his sleep, instantly grasped his sabre; but, ere he could raise his arm, he fell, a headless trunk, at the feet of the vindictive Rahtore.

This noise aroused the guard, who rushed in; but when they beheld a Rajpoot, clad in the fatal saffron robe (a sign that he was devoted to death), they knew his purpose too well, and a single glance sufficed to show how terribly he had accomplished it. He pointed with a grim smile to the reeking corpse—they rushed forward, and in an instant he fell dead, with a javelin in his temple!

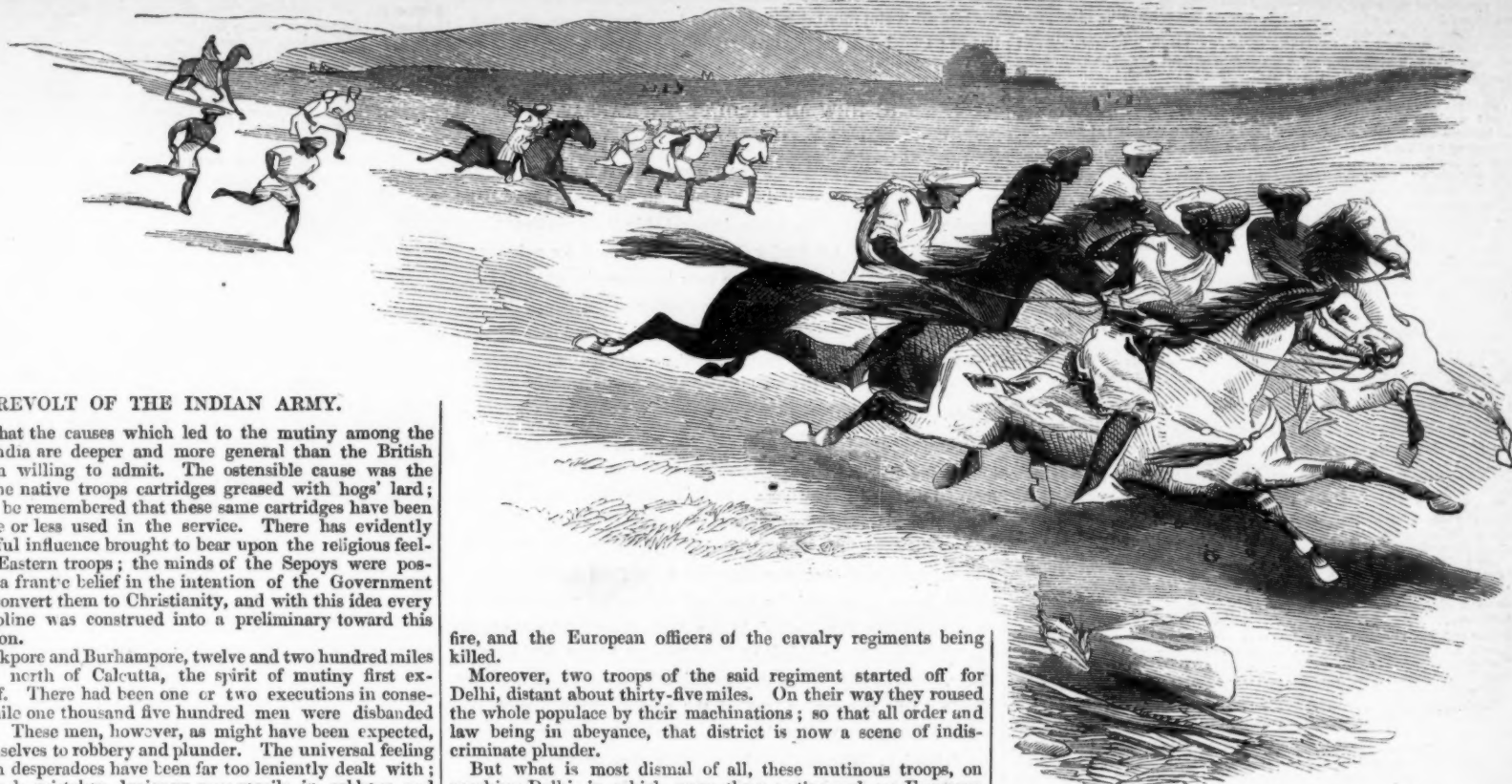
Thus ended this sanguinary feud, the records of which are till preserved among those fierce and barbarous tribes.

At the conclusion of this singular Oriental legend, we were a little inclined to be silent and pensive, and indeed the soft delicious atmosphere surrounding us, the low, hardly audible ripple of the far-famed Red Sea almost at our feet, and the radiant colors yet lingering along the verge of the western horizon, would have exerted an almost magical influence on the prosiest mortal that ever trod the flags of Wall street, much more upon a party mostly composed of gay and enthusiastic young travellers.

We amused ourselves by quite a spirited debate as to the probable origin of the name Red Sea, for the water certainly was any color in the world but red. Among the Arabs it is frequently called the Salt Sea (Bahr-Malak). All the seas that we read of

(Concluded on page 131.)

INDIAN RUNNERS CARRYING THE NEWS OF THE INSURRECTION FROM MEERUT TO DELHI.



REVOLT OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

We think that the causes which led to the mutiny among the Sepoys of India are deeper and more general than the British papers seem willing to admit. The ostensible cause was the issuing to the native troops cartridges greased with hogs' lard; but it must be remembered that these same cartridges have been always more or less used in the service. There has evidently been a painful influence brought to bear upon the religious feelings of the Eastern troops; the minds of the Sepoys were possessed with a frantic belief in the intention of the Government to forcibly convert them to Christianity, and with this idea every act of discipline was construed into a preliminary toward this consummation.

At Barrackpore and Burhampore, twelve and two hundred miles respectively north of Calcutta, the spirit of mutiny first exhibited itself. There had been one or two executions in consequence; while one thousand five hundred men were disbanded in disgrace. These men, however, as might have been expected, betook themselves to robbery and plunder. The universal feeling is, that such desperadoes have been far too leniently dealt with; and that such mistaken leniency now recoils in robbery and bloodshed.

It is now certain that Calcutta itself narrowly escaped a general massacre. There was a deep laid plot or conspiracy—for which some have undergone the penalty of death—to seize on Fort William, and massacre all the Europeans, &c. The night chosen for the desperate attempt was that on which the Maharajah of Gwalior, when here, had invited the whole European community to an exhibition of fireworks, across the river, at the Botanic Gardens. On that evening, however, as if by a gracious interposition of Providence, the city was visited with a heavy storm of thunder, lightning and rain; so that the grand exhibition of the Maharajah had to be postponed. The European officers, therefore, had not left the Fort; and the object of the conspirators, being thus defeated, was soon afterwards, to the horror of all, brought to light.

In Oude, what threatened to be a formidable and disastrous mutiny was put down only by the prompt, decisive and energetic measures of the Chief Commissioner, Sir Henry Lawrence, one of the bravest soldiers and most philanthropic gentlemen in India.

From all the chief stations in the north-west, intelligence of a mutinous spirit is manifesting itself in divers ways. But at this moment all interest is absorbed by the two most prominent cases, at Meerut and Delhi. At the former place a cavalry regiment openly mutinied; some seventy or eighty of the ringleaders were tried and sentenced to many years imprisonment, with hard work in irons. But the whole station has been kept in a state of fearful anxiety and suspense—the bungalows or houses of Europeans being, in spite of every precaution, almost every night set on

fire, and the European officers of the cavalry regiments being killed.

Moreover, two troops of the said regiment started off for Delhi, distant about thirty-five miles. On their way they roused the whole populace by their machinations; so that all order and law being in abeyance, that district is now a scene of indiscriminate plunder.

But what is most dismal of all, these mutinous troops, on reaching Delhi, in which were three native and no European regiments, were joined by all the native troops; the fort, in consequence, with its arsenal, ammunition and treasury, was seized, and is now in the hands of the rebels; nearly the whole European community, civil and military—men, women, and children—have been cruelly massacred! and, to crown all, the heir apparent of the titular Emperor of Delhi, the lineal successor of the great Mogul, has been proclaimed by the triumphant mutineers as Emperor of India! Such an event—one half so disastrous—has not yet occurred in the history of British India. The great bulk of the population of Delhi is Mohammedan—notoriously fanatical—and notoriously hostile to the British Government. Delhi has a great name over all India, as having been one of the greatest of the imperial cities of the Mogul sovereigns. It is only a short time ago that the last and most fatal part of the intelligence has reached Calcutta. It looks like a summons to clothe themselves in sackcloth. Some must mourn over friends already gone, and others over friends in imminent danger.

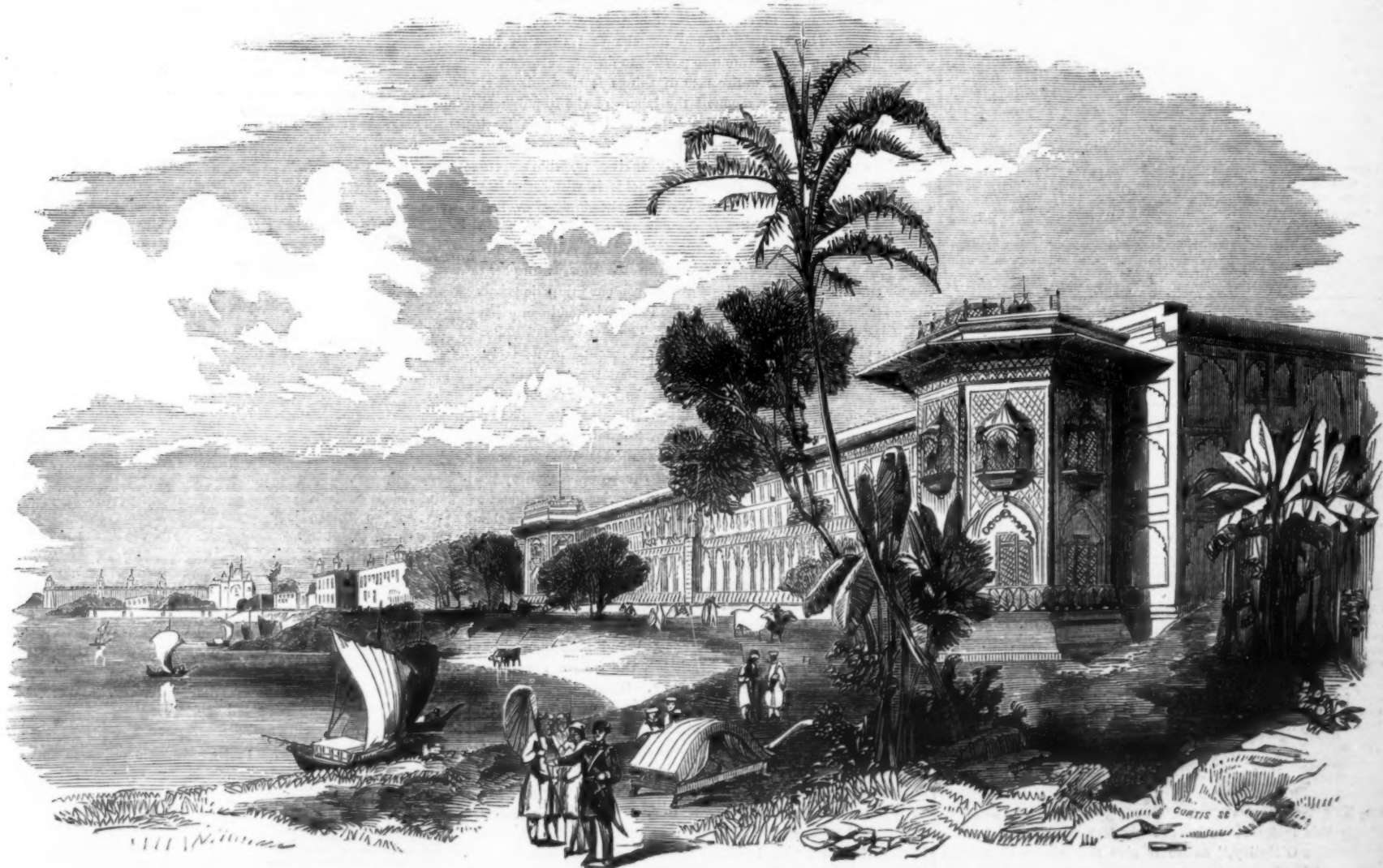
Nearly half the native army is in a state of secret or open mutiny; and the other half known to be disaffected. But this is not all, the populace generally is known to be more or less disaffected. It is easy to perceive, then, how very serious is the crisis. And if there be a general rising—as any day may be—the probability is that not a European life will anywhere escape the universal and indiscriminate massacre.

The city of Delhi, which is the chief seat of the mutiny, was at one time the largest in Hindostan, covering a space of twenty square miles, and having a population of two millions. The city and surrounding country was taken possession of by the British

in 1803, when a handsome allowance was made to the Emperor and his family. The palace or residence of the Great Mogul is the most interesting and magnificent structure in India, and is about a mile and a half in circuit. The lofty embattled walls, stupendous towers, surrounded by elegant pavilions, marble domes, and gilded minarets form altogether an unequalled assemblage of taste and elegance. Meerut is the capital of a district of its own name, some thirty-four miles from Delhi. Though there are ruins attesting its former grandeur, it is now in the decline. It possesses one of the largest British churches in India, and a barracks which is a most important station for the British troops in the upper provinces of the Bengal presidency.

The details of the massacre are heart-sickening in the last degree; there was no conceivable atrocity which was not committed, showing that those native troops, however civilized they may appear under arms, are nevertheless the most dark and benighted savages.

The present revolt in India cannot be fully understood without recurring to the history of that country, and reviewing its relation to the British Empire. The country of Hindostan occupies 1,280,000 square miles, inhabited by over one hundred and fifty-five millions of people, as mixed in manners, language and physiognomy as can be found in any equal portion of the world. The Hindoos, whose history stretches into the realms of fable, were the original inhabitants. They seem to have been a simple, industrious and ingenious people, scrupulously adhering to their system of castes, and besides morning and evening purification in the Ganges, appeasing *Seeb*, the destroyer of all, and looking



VIEW OF DELHI, THE SCENE OF THE LATE TERRIBLE MASSACRE BY THE SEPOYS OF THE BRITISH RESIDENTS.

after three hundred and thirty million of inferior Gods and Goddesses, they appear to have cared but little who ruled over them, provided they were left in peace to pursue their religious devotions. The Hindus fell an easy prey to the Mahomedan Afghans, and they in their turn to the Moguls, who in 1626 established their headquarters at Delhi. The Mogul dynasty was in turn subdued by the Persians, and it in turn fell under the attacks of other crafty and powerful adventurers.

In 1498 the Portuguese established themselves on the coast of Malabar, and for a century maintained the exclusive commerce of the East. The Portuguese were supplanted in turn by the Dutch. The commercial successes of these nations induced the English to attempt the field, and in 1600 the East India Company was formed in England. From that time to the present this great and wealthy corporation has swayed the destinies of India, and the present insurrection makes a history of that Company particularly interesting. The Company first asked permission to buy the products of the country, and to sell them in Europe; they then built factories, and soon converted them into armed garrisons; and in order to further facilitate their ultimate plans, they successfully fostered native jealousy, set nabob against nabob, and in the end took advantage of both. They disguised their ulterior views so well, that in 1716 we find them granted liberty to purchase in Bengal thirty-seven townships, in addition to what they held in Calcutta, besides important commercial privileges which they possessed, and had gradually been extended. Thirty-three years later, seeing their position so firm, and finding through the native jealousy, carefully fomented, a favorable opportunity to still further strengthen and extend their dominion, they assumed military and political power. In this struggle for ascendancy they had a competitor in France; and then commenced on the part of both these civilized and Christian nations a series of aggressions, excursions and butcheries that have no parallel in history. It was then for the first time that the sepoys were instructed in European tactics, and as country had no hold on their affections they fought for whoever paid them best. Finally the English conquered, and by the sword, bribery, treachery and confiscation ruled supreme, accused by their own countrymen "of having sold every monarch, prince and State in India, broken every contract, and ruined every State that trusted them."

In 1740 the Nabob of Tanjore was, on a flimsy pretext, driven out for the purpose of getting some of his territory. They deposed in 1757, just one hundred years ago, the Nabob of Bengal, and stripped him of large and rich provinces, and from that time to the presentation of the Koh-i-noor diamond to the Queen of England, the government of the East India Company has pursued a constant scheme of spoliation, deception, and oppression, squeezing out of one hundred and fifty millions of natives, the enormous sum of one hundred millions of dollars, reducing the bulk of the population to a condition more degrading than slaves. The Sepoy or native army they have treated with the utmost despotism, and finally drove it into revolt. Upon this army depends the possession of British India. It is composed of three distinct armed corps, the army of Bengal, the army of Madras, the army of Bombay; the component parts of which may be seen from the following summary:

Artillery.....	15,782
Native cavalry.....	26,094
Native infantry.....	234,412
Engineers.....	4,575
Queen's troops.....	21,934
Total.....	302,797

The cost of maintaining this enormous force amounts annually to over \$50,000,000.

It will be seen from the above that the sepoys, or native Indian troops, compose the bulk of the Indo-British army. They are brave, obstinate and superstitious, clinging with irremovable tenacity to their peculiar practices of religion, and resenting any injustice or affront offered to their prejudices with more than ordinary vindictiveness. Their frequent mutinies have left the British Indian possessions not worth a year's purchase; and from late accounts it may be that before this they have taken summary vengeance on those they look upon as "aliens in blood, language and religion," and whose persecutions towards their ancestors are keenly remembered.

It is not alone the effort made to force the Sepoy to bite off the end of "greased" cartridges, which in itself is insulting to his caste prejudices, the strongest feeling of the native Indian, but the conduct of the British officers and East India Company has been such as to foment a general revolt. That the former have acted dishonorably and with unbecoming hauteur towards the troops, and the latter, with undue severity towards the native population, is to be seen from the debates in Parliament and the many published statements of travellers; and we may expect a continuation of revolts as long as injustice and tyranny are practised. Slavery exists to a large extent, and so great is the distress of the natives that they are frequently obliged to sell their offspring to preserve them from starvation. The "Ryots," or cultivators of the soil are reduced to the lowest starving point, and between unbearable taxation and official exactions, have scarcely wherewithal to feed and cover their bodies. Here is a picture of one of that class drawn by the author of "Ancient and Modern India." "The Bengal Ryot is described in England as 'feeding on rice and wearing a slight cotton frock,' but the fact is he lives upon coarse rice and dill (vetches), for good vegetables or fish would be luxuries to him. His dress consists of a bit of a rag around his loins, and a slender sheet called *chadder*. His bed is a coarse mat and pillow; his dwelling a low thatched roof; his only property an unweath-plough and two badly fed bullocks, and one or two water-pots called *tahs*, with a little seed called *berj dhan*. From early morn to noon, and from noon till sunset he toils, and still he is in appearance a haggard, poverty-stricken, wretched creature, often fasting for days and nights without food, or having only one miserable meal in the twenty-four hours. The East India Company once had the power of preventing much of this misery; but instead of doing so have only riveted the chains on the Ryots." And this is the condition of over 100,000,000 of people, in a land flowing with milk and honey.

The affairs of the East India Company are regulated by twenty-four directors, with a chairman and board of control sitting in London; the English Government appointing the Governor-General, under whose control are the Presidencies of Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Agra. The company defend the native princes against all enemies, native and foreign, and they are bound to enter into no alliances with other princes or potentates, or, in other words, they agree to be dependent upon the company for existence. The company keep a resident at the different courts, who is entitled to demand an audience at any time, and by this agent of the company manage to control the affairs of the state, particularly in the succession to the throne.

Bishop Heber and other writers represent the Hindus and Mussulmen of India by nature as superior races of men, the great drawback to their rapid improvement is their religion, which, in every form, is not only absolutely degrading, but always rendering change difficult, if not almost impossible. To improve the people, however, has never been an object of the British in India.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trainor & Co., 12 Paternoster Row London.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1857.

OUR NEW NOVEL, DAVENPORT DUNK.—We shall continue to publish this last, and we believe greatest, work by the author of "Charles O'Malley," as we receive the advance sheets from London. The story will appear simultaneously in our columns

with the English publication. Our orders are already large for this new novel, and daily increasing; it is a source of pride to us, that we are able, in advance of contemporaries, to present our readers with the mental labors of the best English novelist now living; Charles Lever has no rival on either side of the Atlantic.

THE NEW DIFFICULTY IN KANSAS.

THE whole country is again agitated on account of the alarming intelligence from Kansas. The reason of this new and unexpected excitement grows out of the following causes. Last fall, a number of citizens of Lawrence, interested in the growth of that town applied to the "Border Ruffian Legislature" for a charter, which was granted in almost the very language in which it was presented to the Legislature. This charter when submitted to the people of Lawrence, was voted down by a majority of the free-soil citizens, on the ground, that accepting it would be an acknowledgment of the validity of the Border Ruffian Legislature. Subsequently, an attempt was made to get a charter for the town from the Free State or Topeka Legislature, which effort was unsuccessful. The citizens then adopted the novel method of creating a charter to suit themselves, and having accomplished this, they were about to organize and act under this new charter, when Gov. Walker declared that the whole thing was treason, and that any attempt to enforce its provisions would be so construed by him, and the guilty parties would be arrested by the United States authorities. The town of Lawrence is now occupied by Government troops, and everything, superficially, promises a collision between them and the people. Our impression is, that the excitement will soon die out, for Governor Walker has declared that he will only act on the defensive. The people of Lawrence can do very well for a while without a charter, and we have no idea, that the mass of the inhabitants, merely for the sake of having a number of idle town officials about their streets, are going to make an assault on Uncle Sam's bayonets.

A NEW MOVE IN OUR CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE city of New York for many months has been on the eve of civil war, brought about in a great measure by the change in the municipal government. In the struggle the old organized police force was broken up, and Mayor Wood was stripped of his authority. By many it is believed that the Republican Legislature had no other design than to accomplish this end for the specific purpose of getting political power into their own hands, and thus in the future wielding the destiny of the State. Looking upon all struggles of this kind as more interesting to those immediately involved in them than to the people at large, we were disposed to admire the success of the Republicans, and concluded that they deserved our admiration because they had carried their point. We beheld their picked men in power, we saw thousands of subordinates waiting upon their bidding, and anxious to sell their votes and influence for the return of a humble office. Mayor Wood had descended into obscurity—his "marble halls" were deserted, his Street Commissioner was in jail, his uniformed myrmidons were hovering around the "Metropolitan Headquarters," and for the first time in his official history he found "none so poor as to do him reverence." Most unexpectedly the entire face of things is changed. Mr. Draper resigns, and in a moment the labors of the Republican Legislature, the eloquence and astute learning of that legal giant, David D. Field, are all prostrated. Mayor Wood finds himself again in power, and quietly taking up the sceptre in the stronghold of the enemy, he wields it with crushing effect. The news of Mayor Wood's resuscitation worked miracles among the parasites of the city treasury—like a wave they roll away from the doors of the Metropolitan head-quarters, and dance in attendance upon the now triumphant Mayor; all our trouble, our legal quibblings, our injunctions and our certioraris are made of no avail, and the noise and confusion of the last few months pass for nothing. The Metropolitan Police bill was planed with tubercles on its lungs, scrofula in its body, and weakness in its joints; and in a moment these complicated diseases develop themselves, the body sinks because of the resignation of one member. Whose fault is all this? How does it happen that there is an even number of Commissioners, so that a tie could occur and all business be suspended? Who supposes that Mayor Wood will yield an atom of the power reaped by his unexpected elevation among his enemies?—who dreams that he will not laugh his tormentors to scorn, and from this time forward prostrate their schemes for power?

Meanwhile the poor public suffers; the tax-payers go about the streets growling and paying, and appear to be ignorant of all remedy, and unconscious that the reign of misrule will ever end. Our daily papers are records of enacted crime; houses are robbed, outrages are perpetrated, murders enacted, and policemen shot; the courts of justice are at loggerheads, the judges wrangling, and the subordinate officers in mutiny. Great, indeed, is the conservative spirit of the masses of our people, who go on quietly, in spite of all these hindrances, attending to their own business, and adding, by their industry, wealth to the State, in spite of the incapacity or selfishness of our constituted authorities. Are we on the eve of a Utopian existence, when every man will be a law unto himself?—or are we to finally end in a despotism, the people having no longer the power or disposition to govern intelligently themselves? There must be a change of some kind; the present state of things cannot last for ever.

CITY GOSSIP.

THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.

Mayor Wood, and Mayor Powell, of Brooklyn, have taken their seats at the Board of Police Commissioners, since the resignation of Mr. Simeon Draper, but the business does not go on any better. The Board cannot come to any decision as to the time they can meet together. The two Mayors wish to meet at three P. M., their public business detaining them until that hour; but some of the other members live out of town, or wish to take a ride, or dine at that hour; so as the votes stand three to three, one of the parties must back down. Which will do it? The whole affair seems too much like child's play for grown-up men—men, too, who have accepted important public positions. If they do not wish to receive still farther the contempt of the city, they will endeavor to be in earnest and begin to do their duty.

THE MURDER OF POLICE OFFICER ANDERSON.

A terrible murder was committed early on the morning of the 18th ultimo. Eugene Anderson, a police officer of the Fourteenth Ward, was shot dead at the corner of Grand and Centre streets, by a burglar whom he was attempting to arrest. The assassin fled, but was pursued and arrested in front of his residence at No. 120 Worth street. He is an Italian, and gave his name as Michael Cangemi. His apartments were searched, and found to contain a large amount of jewelry and other valuable articles, all of which is supposed to be the proceeds of other burglaries. Besides these were found in Cangemi's apartments a number of deadly weapons, showing him to be a desperate and a professional burglar. The "woman" of the accused was also arrested and committed to prison. When the news of Anderson's murder became known, the greatest excitement prevailed, especially among the men who work in Centre Market, where until quite recently the deceased had labored. An effort was made to take Cangemi from the custody of the officers and lynch him immediately after his arrest. In deed, matters had gone so far that a rope with a noose was ready in the market-house to lynch the assassin. The effort at lynch law was foiled by the police, partly by entreaty and partly by means more forcible. During the day an inquest was held upon the body of the murdered man, and a verdict rendered that he came to his death by a pistol shot wound, &c., in the hands of Michael Cangemi. The prisoner was then put in a carriage to be conveyed to the Tombs. An immense crowd of excited men followed, and gathered so closely about the carriage that the officers were compelled to defend it with their revolvers. The scene at this time was terribly exciting. The crowd still followed, but the larger portion ran towards the Tombs, to await the arrival of the assassin. A rope was conspicuously displayed among them. The officers who had him in charge, finding that it would be dangerous to attempt to place the prisoner in the City Prison, drove away at great speed in a different direction, and by frequent turnings and other artifices, put the mob on a wrong scent and disappointed them.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT WHILE BATHING.

An accident of the most singular nature occurred last week to a young gentleman named David Johnson, jun., who resides with his parents, No. 14, Washington place, in the Eastern district. While bathing at the foot of South Eighth street, Johnson ascended to the top of the bath-house and dived down a full ten feet. Upon rising to the surface of the water, it was observed by his brother that his head remained under water. Upon being taken out he was found to be helpless, and after being removed home Dr. Gilbert was called in, and found that he was completely paralyzed from the arms down, and a partial dislocation of the sixth cervical vertebra, with fracture and pressure of the spinal marrow. The case being considered a critical one, a consultation was deemed advisable, and Drs. Mott, Mason, and Dr. Isaacson, professor of anatomy, were called in. These gentlemen considered the case one of the most singular that has ever come under their observation, and most likely to terminate fatally. From the arms down the body and limbs are cold and without the least feeling. The patient is entirely conscious, and converses as usual. Johnson is about twenty years of age, and was employed as a clerk in the Atlantic Insurance Company of New York, and is highly esteemed by all who know him. He is not conscious of having struck anything in his descent, but the bath-keeper asserts that he distinctly heard him strike the bottom. The most eminent surgeons and physicians have visited Mr. Johnson, the case exciting the greatest interest.

THE PRIZE CUP OF THE YACHT AMERICA.

The hundred guinea prize cup, won by the yacht America at Cowes, England, in 1851, can be gained by any foreign yacht that can beat our boats. A circular has been sent to all the foreign yacht clubs, inviting them to compete for this celebrated cup, which has been bequeathed to the New York Yacht Club, not as a prize for individuals but for clubs. So long as the New York Yacht Club can beat all competitors, so long will it retain possession of the cup.

BEAUTIES OF A NEW YORK EDUCATION.

The following story published on the authority of one of our leading papers, is a fit sequel to the unhappy Dean affair. Wretched and imperfect indeed must have been the education of these young girls; what a total absence of the sense of moral obligation does their conduct display. It is scarcely possible that they could have acted with such levity if there had been a solid foundation to their education, or a wholesome moral influence at home. The practice of young ladies inviting strange young gentlemen, whom they may meet at a miscellaneous party, to visit them, is fraught with a thousand evils, yet it is as common here as dirt and roquetry. In the present case it seems that Miss Emma —, residing in West Eighty-eighth street, met with a young man at a party in Fourteenth street, danced with him, led creamed with him, flirted with him, and finally asked him to call and see her—which he did, of course. He was introduced to the family by the young lady, who knew nothing of him further than that he danced well and was very particular in his attentions to her. The gentleman played the pious and moral before the parents, who are religious people, who thought this wolf in sheep's clothing was a remarkably good young man, but they never asked the daughter what he said or how he acted to her. The intimacy was continued for six months, when the parents heard something affecting the character of this moral and remarkably nice young man. When he next called the matter was mentioned to him, but though he strongly denied it, he could not explain it—then. He was forbidden the house, but he wrote to the daughter, asserting his innocence and offering to clope with her as soon as was convenient to her. The model young lady, accepted the offer, of course, and fled with her lover on the evening of the 17th. The dutiful daughter left a letter behind her stating that she had left, which was not found until the next morning, when the outraged and bereaved father pursued the tender couple, too late, however, to prevent the fatal consequences to his child.

FUNERAL OF POLICE OFFICER ANDERSON.

The funeral of this worthy but unfortunate man took place last Sunday. It created the greatest excitement: more than a hundred thousand people, it was calculated, were on the line of march. The body was placed in the hall of the late residence of the deceased, and many thousands of people passed through to take a last view of the murdered man. The funeral sermon was preached in the hall of the house by the Rev. Jesse T. Peck. It was an impressive discourse. The Commissioners, and a large portion of the police and special police attended the funeral, and a dozen fire companies and guards, with a host of private citizens, marched after the body, which was deposited in Greenwood Cemetery. It was a great and solemn demonstration.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TAX UPON THE TITLES OF THE FRENCH NOBILITY.

THE announcement of the tax upon all nobility, whether old or new, has carried consternation into the bosom of the potent, grave, and revered Faubourg St. Germain. The most amusing stories are told, and the most cutting sarcasms invented, of the effects therein produced by the anticipation of this test of the value thus set upon the fame of their ancestry. One hundred thousand francs is said to be fixed upon a dukedom, each lesser title to diminish in price according to its importance. Many conclaves have been held in the mysterious old gardens of the Faubourg—many speculations conceived as to who would consent to pay, or who would return to the plain family name of the ancestor who had first been ennobled. Those who will, as a matter of course, prefer returning to their state of nature, are already named, and among the number, first and foremost, the ex-minister, Baron S—, whose *long pendule*, when the title was first given to him, is still fresh in the memory of all, and often served to divert the court in the days of Louis Philippe. On the nomination of General S—, to the post of minister of the king, at the same time complimenting him upon his long service to the state and the military glory he had acquired, announced his elevation to the rank of baron. His majesty, in return for the expressions of gratitude which fell from the lips of the general at this favor, replied with the usual *banal* compliment—"I give you the title with all my heart, baron; for there be none in the French army who merit the distinction so much as yourself." The new baron returned home rejoicing in his newly acquired honors, and presented himself with great assiduity at every re-union of the court and aristocracy, enjoying, with a childish delight, the sound of his new title when coupled with his name, as the lackeys passed it from one to the other through the saloons. In a little while, however, a letter from the *Secrétaire des Domaines et de l'Enregistrement* startled him from his agreeable dream. A claim of three thousand francs, for omission of registering the title, came upon our new baron like a thunder-clap. He took no notice of the appeal, so overcome was he by his own folly in having accepted a vain and empty honor, as he now called it, for which he expected to pay. A second police arrived, with additional expenses for delay. The baron was indignant; but still the appeal remained unnoticed. A short time was suffered to elapse without any further measures being taken on the part of the Domaines, when, one fine morning, the secretary of that venerable institution was announced in person. "Bonjour, Monsieur le Baron, I have come to save you unpleasant proceedings on the part of our bureaux," said the official; "the term for payment of your *frais et dépenses* is already considerably overdue, and we have not yet received a farthing of the three thousand francs usually charged for registering the title of baron." "Excuse me, sir," returned the general rather warmly; "there must be some mistake here; I understood that my majesty had given me the title, for he said so before witnesses whom I can bring forward to prove it. His majesty never mentioned a word about paying for his gift, or I should not have received it. The astonishment of the functionary can well be imagined. He had never met with the like before. He retired in perplexity to consult his superior, who submitted the circumstances to the king. The latter, laughing most heartily—for Louis Philippe was, in reality, a *bon enfant* in every sense of the word—immediately gave orders for the release of the baron's title without expenses,

and the general has never been molested upon the subject until this hour. In the present demand it is strongly conjectured that the *nécessité de l'épée* will be found the most refractory. The recently-acquired titles of financial merit will be ready to pay any money rather than forego the right of unfolding them to the light of day.

THE JETTATORE, OR THE EVIL EYE.

Much talk has been the consequence of a hint thrown abroad concerning the possibility of the visit of the Pope to Paris, and the coronation of the Emperor in the approaching autumn. A great deal of correspondence has already passed between the parties concerned, but as yet nothing is certain. The one great difficulty got over, that of absenting himself from Rome, it seems his Holiness regards the project as easy of execution, and would willingly agree to any proposal that might be made on the part of the Emperor. The immense impetus that such an event as this would give to trade and commerce, the tremendous influx of strangers of all countries it would bring to Paris, is an inducement which might be important enough to annul all difficulty; so one would think. Some people, however, even among the most devout, have a decided objection to the idea, upon the plea of his Holiness being the victim of a most severe and incurable affliction—one before which gout, palsy, rheum, and sciatia are as naught; an affliction which, not confined to the sufferer himself, spreads its dire influence over all on whom the sufferer looks: in a word, his Holiness is believed the most powerful *jettatore* in all Italy! So enrooted is this idea amongst the population of Rome, that you will see the lower order of people, while throwing themselves on their knees to beg a blessing, extend the forefinger of the right hand to divert the "evil eye" which he is believed to possess, and which, if not averted in this manner, will bring disease, despair, and death to those on whom he gazes. The most extraordinary thing of all is the fact that, while this *jettatore* is dreaded and abhorred as the most cruel gift the Fates can bestow, yet the belief in its existence takes nothing from the holiness of the Pope, nor from the reverence with which his subjects regard him. As proof, however, of the extent to which the superstition is carried in the Papal States, we may quote the circumstance of the railway to Frascati, which occurred not very long ago. In his eagerness to render himself useful to the undertaking, his Holiness had proposed attending the opening of the railway in person, and by making the festival a national holiday, to assist in making the affair as popular as possible. The foreign contractors, in their ignorance of the prejudice against the luck of his Holiness, were rejoiced at this courtesy, and in their delight spread the news far and near, distributing handbills all over the city and despatching messengers to the towns and villages in the neighborhood. To their great astonishment, however, the news was received with anything but pleasure; the propositions for making all things agreeable, the promises held out, were met with no mournful silence, that they could not forbear expressing their surprise, when one of the officials, under the strictest promise of secrecy, and displaying his drawer full of unsold tickets issued for the occasion, and unsought by any, was fain to confess the truth, "Have the Pope to bless the undertaking, and you will never have one single traveller by your railway," said he to the astonished Englishman, who had displayed the greatest delight at the Pope's urbanity. "Good Heavens! and pray why?" said he, agitated. "Because his Holiness—whom Heaven bless!—is the most terrible *jettatore* in all Italy, and your train will be sure to smash before it reaches Frascati!" In spite of the laughter and derision which the announcement occasioned amongst the Englishmen, the proof of the real existence of the idea was but too evident in the empty till of the company's bureau; so means were to be devised in order to break the horrible spell which his Holiness was unconsciously about to throw over the undertaking. One of the cardinals was consulted. His Eminence undertook, by dint of sacrifice and real sympathy—for none mourned the existence of the deadly gift more than he—to prevent the consequences which else must fall upon the hapless company. What his Eminence did must ever remain a secret; he perhaps was fortunate enough to procure an "evil eye" of greater power even than the Pope's, but it is certain that, within a day or two of the ceremony, it was announced that the Pope was suffering from indisposition, supposed to be occasioned by an indigestion of *pascetti*. Presently it was understood that the said indisposition would prevent him from opening the railway. The rush for tickets became tremendous; and when the day arrived, and it became certain that Cardinal—the arch-enemy of *jettatori*, who can cure the bite of a mad dog by a glance, and the sting of a viper by a pass of his left hand, was to take his Holiness's place, not a ticket was to be had for love or money. Many and many a laugh have the jolly contractors enjoyed over their wine at remembrance of the utter bewilderment in which they had remained when viewing the indifference with which their grand treat was regarded by the population of Rome, and many a wink has passed from one to the other when alluding to the timely help of Cardinal, the indigestion of *pascetti*, and the quantities of warm pitame and comforting cordial his Holiness had been compelled to swallow while the ceremony was going forward.

SMALL TALK.

Madame Rachel had an interview with M. Empis, the director of the Theatre Français, and gave in her resignation. Her voice has been completely shattered by her malady; and the little that remains of it is altogether beyond her command. Under these circumstances she has been compelled to retire from the stage. A monument has just been erected in Beekingham Church to the memory of the late Captain Hedley Vickers, Ninety-seventh Regiment. It is said that the enormous number of 150,000 copies of his "memoirs" have been sold. There is a report that Her Majesty will visit Cork and Killarney in the course of the summer. It is thought that the Emperor and Empress of the French, if they repair to Osborne, would proceed to visit the Manchester Exhibition. There would not be any official reception in London on this occasion. Mr. Douglas Jerrold did not die in poverty, as appears to have been supposed. Shortly before his death he had insured his life for £2,500; he was, besides, a saving man, and his wife, it is stated, will have an income of £600 a year. The dramatic performance which Mr. Charles Dickens and his confères are about to give, and other public lectures, etc., by eminent men, are meant as mere tokens of kindly remembrance. The Chevalier Maffei is about to publish at Turin a translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and minor poems, into Italian. Competent judges speak highly of the excellence of the performance. An interview between the Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of the French is considered as probable in official circles. "Paradise Lost" seems to have been found tempting by the composers of late years (not excluding the poets, and thus comprehending Mrs. Browning, who—"Drama of Exile" was dared successfully, even though Eve had been already the heroine of Milton's epic). Two English composers, Dr. Wyld and Mr. Lodge Elliott, have attempted the subject—and last and most aspiring of all comes M. Rubinstein, the full score of whose "mystery," in three acts, we have perused—the work being ready now for translation and rehearsal. It seems to us full of matter to advance the young composer's reputation—the first part being devoted principally to the battle of the angels and the fall of the rebels, with Lucifer, "son of the morning," at their head—the second to the "Creation" of the world and of our first parents—the third to the temptation—"Man's first disobedience," and the expulsion of the pair from the garden of Eden. It would not be becoming to say more in commendation, qualification, or detailed description, of a work which can hardly fail at no distant period to come to public judgment. The statue of O'Connell was last month placed on the pedestal in the Crescent, Dublin, the front facing down George's street. Madame Sadownski, a Polish lady, naturalized in Italy, of whom rumor says wonders, is engaged in Paris for the same line of character as Madame Ristori. The Earl of Burlington's dairymaid, an old and eccentric woman, died suddenly, and at her death was found to possess nearly £1,500. She was of very pious habits. Taubertlik, the tenor, has been for some time singing at Buenos Ayres, at the modest price of 30,500fr. per month. This outrageous sum seems beyond belief. A Sunday paper announces that Signor Verdi has contracted to compose a new opera for Her Majesty's Theatre. A magnificent Bible, sent by the American Bible Society to the Queen of England, has been graciously received by her Majesty.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the latest arrivals we learn that THE JEWISH OATHS BILL has been defeated in the House of Lords by a majority of thirty-four. It was scarcely to be expected that in the place where the Protestant bishops hold and exert their influence, the Jewish Emancipation bill would be allowed to become a law. Toleration is not one of their failings; the supremacy of the Protestant Church must be preserved at any cost, and a Jewish Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister could not be contemplated but with horror and dismay. We do not expect to see the Jewish Oaths bill pass the House of Lords at least in our day. The Government has asked for ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING, on account of the wars in China and Persia. Five hundred thousand pounds are required for each. There is little doubt but that these sums will be cheerfully accorded. Johnny Bull does not mind paying the piper when his enemies are made to dance. THE SUBMARINE CABLE. It was confidently expected that the whole of the submarine cable would be coiled away on board of the noble ships, *Niagara* and *Argamemnon*, by the 20th of July, in which case the expedition will probably sail about the first week in August. Millions of well-wishers will watch with eager anxiety the result of the expedition. God grant it may be successful. THACKERAY IN PARLIAMENT—PERRAINS. Thackeray, the popular author and lecturer, has received the honor of a nomination to Parliament from the city of Oxford. Should he be elected, we shall be curious to see how this denouncer of the "Snob" family will comport himself among the "Nob" family. A loud talker for liberty outside, he will, in all probability, become a stiff-necked conservative inside the House. We have not profound faith in the democracy of the historian of the Four Georges of England. We sometimes think that he unconsciously drew his own portrait among the genial family of the "Snobs." ANOTHER AMERICAN SLAVE. Still another American ship engaged in the slave traffic has been captured and condemned at Sierra Leone. The slave's name was Adams Crag, and sailed from New Orleans. When will our citizens cease to risk ventures in human flesh? Not, we fear, until there ceases to be a market, and that will

not be until Cuba ceases to belong to Spain, and follows her "manifest destiny" into our glorious Union. The capture was effected by the British steamer *Prometheus* off Lagos, on the 18th of April. All the paraphernalia of a slave were found on board, and some £5,000 sterling in gold, wherewith to purchase a cargo. The vessel had been condemned at Sierra Leone.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

Madness and some of the opposition candidates had been returned at the second election. Straws show which way the wind blows. This spirit of opposition to the Emperor bodes no good to the tranquillity of the empire. The people are evidently again beginning to think for themselves. The *Paris Moniteur* publishes an article in which the triumph of Louis Napoleon on five different occasions, when he has appealed to universal suffrage, is dwelt upon. The *Moniteur* gives the number of votes obtained, and says: During the course of eight years the number of dissidents instead of increasing has diminished. The clamor which they were allowed to make during the recent elections, has neither augmented their number nor marked their importance. The *Moniteur*, however, does not conclude without addressing a general warning to the press. It says: "Now that the contest is over, and that a majority of more than 5,000,000 has proved the opinion of the country, a limit must be put to a discussion which now can have no other object than the useless agitation of public feeling."

THE PRESS-GAG LAWS IN PARIS.

The French *Assemblée Nationale* has been suspended for two months in consequence of an election article. How men with brains and thews and sinews can descend to write a pen under such circumstances, we are at a loss to comprehend. This muzzling of all freedom of expression is a tyranny of all the hardest to bear. Of what fragile glass must such royal houses be composed, which are in danger of being shattered by the point of a pen.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN NAPLES.

The details of the revolutionary movement in Naples show that its suppression was attended by a great loss of life. How many were butchered by the royal incapacity on the throne of Naples we shall never know, for the Government will not, and the press and people dare not, speak. Mazzini had effected his escape from Italy.

MORE DISTURBANCES IN SPAIN.

Disturbances had occurred at Utrera, but they were suppressed. No further demonstrations were expected. The Madrid journals refer in vague terms to continued disturbances in various parts of Spain. A band of 150 armed men had invaded the town of Utrera, crying, "Long live the Republic." They overpowered the gendarmes and burned down their barracks and the Town Hall, with all its archives, and after exacting a sum of 8,000 piastres from the populace quitted the town. An outbreak is said to have subsequently occurred in Utrera, but a dispatch of the 7th inst. states that it had been completely put down, thirty of the insurgents having been killed and twenty-two others, who were arrested, having been sentenced to be shot. The Cortes had passed a "gag law" on the press.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

The English Government has signified an intention not to ratify the convention entered into by the British Minister at Lima for the protection of the Chincha Islands. Mr. Roebuck's motion for the abolition of the office of the Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland, was rejected by the House of Commons on the 7th inst., by 265 votes against 151. The Earl of Mornington had died very suddenly, but a coroner's jury found that it was from natural causes. The Earl's life was insured for about a quarter of a million pounds sterling. The Duke of Devonshire had been invested with the vacant Order of the Garter, and Lord Kinnaird had received the Order of the Thistle. A Vienna letter intimates that Prince Gortschakoff is shortly to visit that capital, and that the event is attributed to a commencement of more friendly relations between the courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says the most prominent feature of the new tariff is the admission of iron of almost all kinds at a duty which will not quite exclude it, while formerly it was altogether prohibited. Cotton goods are all reduced considerably, and in some cases to one-fourth of the former duty; linens, however, only to about one-half. The duty on raw sugar is lowered; and refined sugar, formerly prohibited, now enters at five roubles and four roubles per pood. Tobacco in leaves is reduced from twelve to six roubles. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times* says that Mr. Seymour, the American Minister, is recalled. The health of Marshal Radetzky is very bad, and it is feared that he will sink from excessive prostration. The Russian papers announce the discovery of extensive fields of coal and strata of iron—the latter in the Crimea. The Paris *Moniteur* announces that the Emperor and Empress will shortly visit Queen Victoria at Osborne, confining their stay in England to that locality, and maintaining the strictest incognito. Count de Morny has been appointed President of the Legislative body of France. The poet Beranger is said to be in a dying state. *Le Siècle*, of Paris, of July 7, has the following: "Mrs. Fremont has just arrived from New York, at Paris. Colonel Fremont is to join her at his return from California, whence he is called on account of the working of his auriferous properties of Mariposa. It is known that Colonel Fremont, candidate for the Presidency of the United States, obtained a great number of votes, and acquired, by the elevation of his views and the firmness of his principles, the esteem of even his adversaries." The Paris *Press* states that a Baron de E—, who lost his fortune by speculations on the Bourse, and who subsequently raised money on bills, drove, on the 5th of July, from the Rue de Rivoli, where he occupied a handsome apartment, to Notre Dame, where he committed suicide by throwing himself from the tower. He held in his hand a summons which he had received from the Procureur Imperial, to answer a charge of forgery. His body was conveyed to the Morgue. The "Chateau de la Source du Loiret," where Bollingbroke resided during his disgrace, and where Voltaire read to the great statesman the manuscript of his "Henriade," is for sale.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

THE United States steam frigate *Merrimac* was hauled out of the dry dock at Charlestown the 20th inst., and placed under the shears. The number of workmen engaged in lengthening the deck will be increased, and the work be completed as soon as convenient. The United States steam frigate *Colorado*, built at Norfolk, will take a week's trial trip, commencing on the 24th inst. The United States sloop-of-war *Falmouth* sailed from Buenos Ayres May 28th, for Montevideo. The War Department have received a despatch from Gov. Medary, requesting permission to muster volunteers as a defence against the savage bands now at the Upper Sioux Agency, but Secretary Floyd by telegraph denied the request. Orders have been sent to Forts McHenry and Mackinaw, for troops to join those at Forts Ridgely and Snelling, in view of apprehended disturbances among the Indians of Minnesota. The United States steam frigate *San Jacinto*, Commander H. H. Bell, the flag ship of Commodore James Armstrong, was at Hong Kong May 10. A letter received from an officer of the United States ship *Levant*, dated Shanghai, April 20, states that the smallpox still continued to rage on board that vessel. There had been up to the above date, in all, twenty-eight cases and six deaths amongst the men. The officers had so far escaped the disease. A hospital had been established ashore, and it is hoped by that means to abate the disease. The United States steamer *Fulton*, from Norfolk, arrived at Washington, D. C., on the 21st instant. Intelligence has been received from Fort Leavenworth that all the troops destined for Utah, except the 2d Dragoons, have marched from that post, in three columns, viz.: the 10th Infantry, under command of Col. Alexander; the 5th Infantry, under Col. Waite; and the Artillery, under Capt. Phelps. The 2d Dragoons are detained for the present under the requisition of Gov. Walker, of Kansas, but will, it is believed, soon go forward. Gen. Harny and staff will leave in a few days. The troops generally are in fine health and spirits, and amply supplied for an active campaign. The public may rest satisfied, we think, that the instructions of the President with regard to Utah and the Mormons, will be faithfully and efficiently executed.

OBITUARY.

GENERAL MICHAEL BROOKS, of Livingston county, N. Y., died at Nunda, on the 9th inst. He died at an advanced age, respected and beloved by all. His political career was one of honor to himself and benefit to his country. The citizens of Nunda held a public meeting on the 10th, for the purpose of giving public expression to the feelings of the community upon the occasion. The meeting was addressed by the Hon. Luther C. Peck and others, and a series of resolutions were drawn up. Lieut. Geo. M. TOTTER, of the United States navy, died at Mendham, N. J., on Saturday last. Lieut. Totter had been in the navy for a period of about thirty years, during which time, up to the commencement of his last illness, he was actively employed. He served with Wilkes in the United States Exploring Expedition, and commanded the U. S. steamer *Water Witch* during the Mexican war. In both these positions he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his respective commanders. He afterwards obtained a furlough, and was for some time in command of the Pacific mail steamship *Tennessee*, running between Panama and San Francisco. While thus employed he won the good opinion of both the company and the travelling public. He was compelled to leave the company's service in consequence of ill health, and at the time of his death had just returned from Pensacola, where he had been serving as First Lieutenant of the Navy Yard at that place. Lieut. Totter was the son of Gen. Totter, of the U. S. Engineers, and he leaves a wife (daughter of the late Col. Gamble of the Marines,) and two children to mourn his loss; numbers of warm and attached friends unite with them in their sorrow.

FINANCIAL.

ATTENTION is now strongly directed towards the enormous expense of running engines with wood fuel. Experiments have been made with engines burning bituminous coal, and the following results, duly sworn to, show a saving in fuel alone of from 50 to 70 per cent:

Eight days of wood-burning engine, running 720 miles and using 40 cords of wood, at \$6.....\$276
The Boardman coal-engine, Slater, running 720 miles in the same time, and doing the same work, used 33,100 lbs. of coal, costing, at \$6 per ton, \$102
One cord of wood for kindling.....6-108

Making a difference in cost of fuel, in 8 days.....\$168
Attested by the engineers and other officers of the Providence and Worcester Railroad.

Which, in 52 weeks of the year, makes the annual difference of \$7,774. And as the usual life of an engine is 12 years, the saving by the use of the coal engine amounts to the large sum of \$93,228, making it very evident that it would be far better policy for any Railroad Company to pay \$10,000 for a coal locomotive than to accept a wood-burning locomotive as a present.

The amount of receipts into the United States Treasury for the week ending Monday, July 20, was.....\$2,184,725 04
Amount on hand subject to draft.....10,680,344 86
Reduction for the week.....418,377 13

A large quantity of one dollar bills on the John Hancock Bank, of Springfield, Mass., have been put in circulation in the West within a short time. They are *fac similes* of the genuine notes, and well calculated to deceive. They are printed on an inferior quality of paper, and the impression is light, and the large eagle in the left hand lower quarter of the bill is roughly engraved.

The latest intelligence from the principal engineer corps of the Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway is of the date of June 27, when the engineers were at the town of San Pedro, having completed the survey of Port Cortes (late Caballos), the dependent lagoon or inner port, and thirty-nine miles of the road, the most difficult and least salubrious part of the entire line. Some light cases of acclimating fever have occurred, but at last dates all hands were well and in good spirits. Mr. Frantwine, chief engineer, writes: "Up to this point we have traced a cheap and beautiful line—beyond here it is even more promising. Abundance of good building material, and endless quantities of fine white marble are found beside the track." The Deputy Agent writes that "the government and people are friendly and enthusiastic, and spite of all difficulties incident to commencing such a great work it is progressing fast and favorably."

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—Previous to the inauguration of the Thalberg dynasty at this grand establishment, there will be, during the month of August, a splendid musical festival, under the guise of promenade concerts. Mr. Stuart, who is certainly a popular and favorite caterer for the amusement of the public, has leased the Academy of Music, and has engaged, as his lieutenant, Mr. Dion Bourcoulait, as the general manager. This affair promises brilliantly. The lessee and the manager are both eminently men of tact and judgment; and if these charming entertainments can be made profitable, and there is no reason why they should not, they are the men to accomplish it. The tide of popularity has set in strongly in favor of the Academy of Music during the past few months. The names of Thalberg and Strakosch seem to have a magnetic influence with the public. The brilliant success which has attended them always elsewhere has its due weight here, and will assure them a fortune during their lease of the Academy of Music. Messrs. Stuart and Bourcoulait will reap the advantage of this brilliant prestige, and ride to prosperity upon the tide of popular favor.

In the meantime, Mr. Ullman, the European agent and partner in the Thalberg lease, is completing his operatic and miscellaneous musical engagements, which promise an unequalled attraction for the coming season. Mr. Ullman has an acute and accurate judgment, and understands the popular way of using his artists to a higher degree than any one who has yet visited America. We have no doubt that in the combination which this firm presents. We are confident in their method of managing, and their intelligence, enterprise and integrity; and, based upon this confidence, we anticipate one of the most brilliant seasons that New York has ever known. The first engagement made by Mr. Ullman is a guarantee of the whole. Signora Frezzolini is an artist, according to the French critics, *sans reproche*. She is a lovely woman, of superb presence, of rare intelligence, and unequalled dramatic power. Her voice is a pure soprano of beautiful quality, and her education has been most thorough. Such is the artist, according to report, that Mr. Ullman has chosen to inaugurate the operatic company. The beginning is certainly good, and we look with anxiety for information upon the rest of his engagements.

The infatigable Vieuxtemps, the greatest violinist of the age, has also been engaged by Mr. Ullman, for the great operatic concert, which will be, we are told, one of the features of attraction at the Academy during the coming season. Sincerely do we rejoice at this, for we long once again to listen to real violin playing; and from Vieuxtemps alone can we hope to hear it. SIGNORINA FELICITA VESTVALL.—We are happy to say that the imperial Vestvalli is in the city once again. Her success in Mexico during the past year has been most remarkable. Besides a large money profit, she has received the most costly presents, and her benefit will be the greatest affair of the kind given in Mexico for many a year. She will return there in the fall. Shall we see her here in opera before she leaves? We hope so.

PIANOFORTE SOIRÉE. THE NEW PIANOS.—We attended two soirées at the rooms of the Wallace Pianoforte Company in Broome street, during the past few days. At each soirée there was a large gathering of artists, critics, amateurs, etc., and a very delightful time we passed. The pianos to be tested were manufactured by the Wallace Company after the celebrated patent of S. B. Driggs, an account of which we gave in our columns some months ago. The principles upon which these pianos are made are exactly the opposite of the system at present in use. The case is half of an inch thick, instead of one and a half or two inches; the bottom is a large sound-board, thin but stiff, about a quarter of an inch thick, instead of a solid bottom six inches in thickness; the interior is perfectly hollow, in short a huge sound-box, instead of being filled up with blocks of heavy wood; the case is placed over the pianos after the entire mechanism is made and put together, so that the case bears none of the strain—that being borne by a light but powerful iron frame, which will not yield or shrink under the pressure of the strings. The upper and lower sound-boards are arched like the violin, and the two are connected in their vibrations by sound-posts also after the fashion of the violin, the purest and most lovely of all musical instruments. Our readers will perceive in this a total revolution in the art of piano-making. The new method has reason and probability on its side, and the results are even more marked than we could have anticipated. We heard Thalberg try these square pianos, and in good truth he tried them after the manner of grand pianos. He tested them in every way; he brought out their fullest power, and assuredly we never heard a grand piano which would compare with them in the enormous volume of pure, rich, deep and sonorous tone. He tested their "singing" power, and the sustained notes sung out through the room as clear as a bell, and as full of sympathy as a beautiful human voice; he tested the equality of their scale, and from the lowest up to the highest note the perfect gradation of the tones was unbroken. Mr. Thalberg played upon them piece after piece, and he found that the square pianos fully equal to the emergence of his playing which hitherto could only be met by an Erard Grand. We were fully satisfied agreeably with all those present, that these Wallace pianos are equal in every respect of power, tone and touch to the best grand piano ever made. This is saying a great deal, but facts fully bear out our assertions. Strakosch and the other artists and critics present fully coincided with the opinions of Thalberg, and their judgment with his has stamped these Wallace pianos, made after "Driggs' Patent," as the most perfect piano ever made in any country. The musical editor of the New York *Daily Tribune* was present on the occasion, and wrote in that paper the next day as follows:

"Mr. Thalberg performed for upwards of an hour. He sifted every grain of musical gold which the new instruments possess; and, after completing his researches, gave his verdict in favor of the pianos, which, though square, he considered as the closest possible rivals of the grand French pianos of Erard, on account of their immense volume and purity of tone, and, above all, as possessing the beauty of a vocal quality—that quality, too, for which the jury at the Crystal Palace awarded the first prize to Erard's grand pianos. Mr. Strakosch, after performing on the new American pianos, affirmed that they were superb. The other judges present were of the same mind.

"In common with all present we recognized the wonderful vocal power of these newly-invented pianos—that sympathetic, human quality of tone, which permits the pianist 'to sing' on his musical instrument, and make it eloquent and passionate under his touch."

William Vincent Wallace, the well-known composer and pianist, is the President of the company, and the pianos take his name. He has watched the progress of the manufacture for two years, from the dawning excellence of the first instrument until the coming glory, the present pianos. Over forty thousand dollars have been expended in experimenting and perfecting these pianos. The most eminent men, artists and mechanics, have been consulted at every step, so that no one point should be wanting to detract from the general perfection of the new pianos, and no instrument was issued until Mr. Wallace, whose judgment this matter every one will respect and subscribe to, was satisfied that everything was right, and that this new thought in pianos was perfect. Every one will rejoice at the success of this invention, for all the civilized world is interested. The use of the piano is universal, and the more perfect the instrument is in tone, power, touch, and strength, the better it will be for all. These points are all gained by the new pianos, and, as a musical instrument, the piano may now be considered as having arrived at its perfection.

We are curious to see the grand pianos made by this company upon the same principle as the squares.

DRAMA.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The successful summer season still continues at this elegant little theatre. The local extravaganza, "Olympians," continues to run and draw, and "Rip Van Winkle," in which Chanfrau is inimitable, is an additional attraction. The experiment thus far has proved a decided hit.

GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS.—Mirth is an evergreen at this establishment. While other places of public amusement have their seasons, Christy & Wood's season extends from year to year. Where they get their perpetual stream of fun from, we are at a loss to conceive; but we come to the very natural conclusion that New York must contain some very funny people, who are for ever at work for our especial benefit. We remind our readers that George Christy and his amusing confères are always at home.

SECOND VISIT TO THE U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, OPPOSITE NEW YORK CITY.

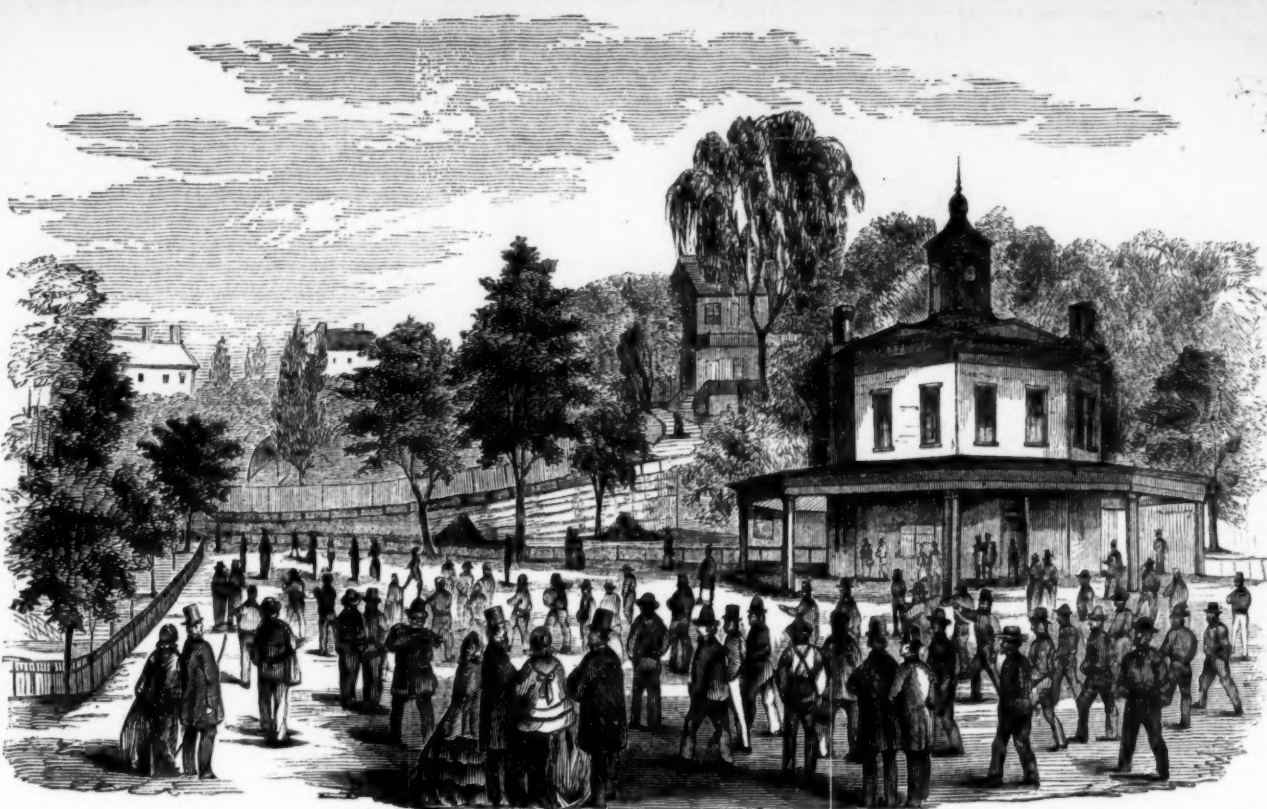
To a person who has order largely developed, a visit to any of our U. S. Navy Yards will afford lively satisfaction; to those who have a military turn of mind, or are curious in any way about the destructive engines of war, there will much be found to interest and gratify. The Brooklyn Navy Yard, as it is familiarly termed, is situated within the present limits of the city of Brooklyn; it is consequently on the shores of Long Island, and opposite New York. Persons desirous of paying it a visit, cross at Fulton ferry and take the cars for Greenpoint; a ride of a few moments brings you to the land entrance of the yard. The neighborhood outside the wall is exceedingly quiet, and it is not until you are fairly within the premises that you are aware of the bustle and naval military preparation that is before and around you.

THE NAVY YARD OPEN TO MOST EVERYBODY.

In all monarchical countries government establishments are under the strictest surveillance of the police, and it is difficult to obtain admission to them; but in the United States our navy yards, garrisons and mints are, with true "republican frankness," open to the public, and so long as the visitor behaves himself, so long, in daylight hours, no reasonable curiosity may remain ungratified. We heard of one impertinent fellow who insisted upon not only taking a "good look," but went farther and indulged in the impropriety of going into places sacred to privacy, in handling delicate instruments, and "hefting" cannon shot. For a while these things were patiently borne by the attendant officials, until, becoming altogether unbearable, the intruder was informed that he must either behave himself or leave the premises. This announcement roused the blood of our "free and easy sovereign," who announced that the Navy Yard belonged to the people, and as he was one of the people he would do pretty much as he pleased with his own. This was too much for some of the workmen, who immediately by subscription raised six cents, handed it over to the gentleman as about the sum he owned in the public property, and then quietly walked him into the public highway. The cut down "sovereign" threatened to have the case reported at Washington, but the complaint, if ever made, still slumbers on the shelves of some easy-going official.

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF THE WALLABOUT.

The vast area now included in the Brooklyn Navy Yard is almost entirely reclaimed from what was known as the old Wallabout Bay, so famous in American history as the location of the Jersey prison ships, in which were confined the patriots taken by the British in the Revolutionary war. The land nearest the prison ships was a sandy bank, at the foot of which the deceased martyrs were laid, and the earth was shoveled on them from the higher ground above. In course of time the sand washed away, and the remains were allowed to whiten on the surface of the earth; the then boys of Brooklyn, now old men, frequently gathered up the skulls, and indulged in the horrid and thoughtless work of finding amusement by playing with these venerated bones. In 1812 the Government commenced filling in the Wallabout, when Garrett Sickels and Benjamin Romaine, two patriotic citizens of New York, urged upon the Tammany Society the duty of gathering together these relics, for the purpose of erecting a monument on which to record the virtues of the deceased. This suggestion was finally acted upon, and the corner stone was laid in the presence of the largest concourse of citizens that, at that time, had ever assembled in the vicinity.



"THE MUSTERING-HOUSE OFFICE," NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

The way the Government became possessed of the Wallabout is very amusing. Just below where the dry dock is now built stood a grist mill, under the charge of a "wooden-legged revolutioner" by the name of Ransom. The landholders owning water rights on the mill pond and bay agreed among themselves not to fill in or otherwise improve the bay "as long as the mill ground their grist." One John Jackson, the largest landholder, of whom many strange tales are told, somewhere about the year 1800, sold his land and the whole water right to the United States Government, without consulting the other landholders.

After the Government had made a good building spot "by filling in," old Joshua Sands, one of the original proprietors, "squatted" on the improvement, and erected a shanty. Com. Evans, then superintending the improvements going on, peremptorily ordered him off, which order was not obeyed. At this insubordination, the commodore ordered a file of marines to "charge bayonets" on the insurrectionary shanty and its proprietor, and both disappeared before the marines. The citizens, feeling outraged at this stretch of power, obtained a civil warrant for the commodore's arrest. When Constable Farrington attempted to serve it, Commodore Evans ordered the marines to charge bayonets on the officer, who was only saved from instant death by the weapons catching in the folds of his nankeen pants, thus slipping round instead of into his body.

The people, wrought up to madness by this last proceeding, attacked the marines with shovels, pickaxes, hoes, pitchforks, and every other convenient civil weapon. Finding the people

thus determined, Commodore Evans submitted to the arrest, and Congress settled the matter by paying the gallant Sands a liberal price for his claim. This last indemnity, we believe, perfected the title of the Government to the Wallabout Bay.

ANECDOTE OF ECKFORD AND THE OHIO.

The first vessel built in the Navy Yard was the Ohio, which was launched in 1820. At this time she was the largest vessel ever constructed in the United States. Congress had already decided that all first-class men of war should be named after States; her original name was the New York, and the bust of Powhatan, now to be seen in the Navy Yard, was intended for the figure-head; but from some reason it was never used, and has since been a source of wonder to visitors, as a specimen of rough wood carving. Henry Eckford, the prominent shipbuilder of his day, received the contract from the "Naval Commissioners" to build the Ohio, on the condition that if she was not satisfactory, Government would not pay him for his services. While in progress of building, the Commissioners, including "the old black Commodore" Downs, frequently visited the ship, and suggested to Eckford different alterations, to which Eckford invariably replied, "Yes, sir; yes, sir." The day she was launched, Eckford stood among the crowd of visitors, pale and trembling. As his noble work plunged into the stream, he threw his hat in the air, and exclaimed, "Thank God, she sits the water like a duck—the deed is done!" In the enthusiasm of the moment he rushed before the Commissioners, and inquired, "Gentlemen, are you satisfied?"



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NAVAL LYCEUM, U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

SECOND VISIT TO THE U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, OPPOSITE NEW YORK CITY.

Supposing their suggestions had been acted upon, the Commissioners, much elated, responded, "We are."

"Have I earned my pay?" continued the delighted Eckford.

"You have," returned the Commissioners, shaking Eckford cordially by the hand, "the old black Commodore" Downs throwing up his chapeau in a delirium of ecstasy.

"Gentlemen," returned Eckford, drawing himself up proudly, "my whole fortune and my fame were invested in this ship; had I failed, I would have been a ruined man. So precarious was my chance of success, that I dared not act upon your suggestions, and the Ohio stands a model of my own unaided genius."

"Then, by G—d, sir," said the old black Commodore, "if that is the case, the ship shall never leave this port as long as I am a Naval Commissioner;" and he kept his word, for it was not until he was in "Davy Jones's locker," that the Ohio trimmed her wings on the distant ocean.

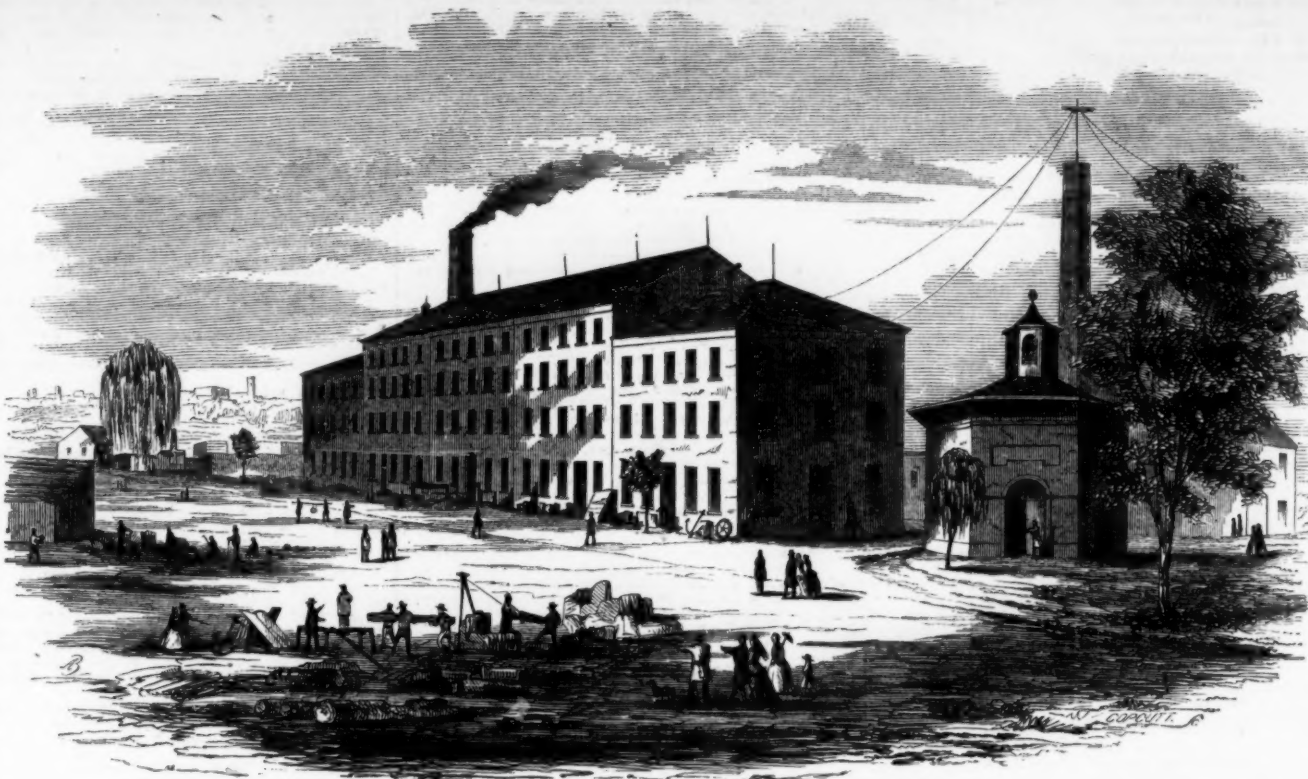
ENTRANCE TO THE YARD.

Once within the yard, the visitor has a fine view of the main avenue, lined on either side by a low fence, always kept with snowy whiteness. On the left, on rising ground, is the Commandant's house, surrounded by a variety of shade trees, and further ornamented by a garden in which flowers and vegetables struggle

for supremacy. The first building you pass is the guard-house, before which paces in grave silence the guard, as perfectly bent upon doing his duty as if he were surrounded by treacherous enemies instead of very good-natured friends. Under the balcony of the guard-house lounge marines "off duty," and there seem to be generally a few hangers-on whose business it would be difficult to designate. The next building which attracts the eye is known as the "Muster House Office," occupied by the civil engineer, clerk of the yard, and other useful officials. Passing

collection. Opposite the portraits of the Presidents are to be seen some of the most distinguished naval commanders, also from life. Prominent among these we noticed the calm and truly heroic face of Decatur. As we gazed upon his speaking features, a feeling of sadness came over us in spite of his gallant career, as we reflected upon his melancholy death. The handsome and gallant Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, appears before you with the vividness of reality, frank, fearless, and

(Continued on page 140)

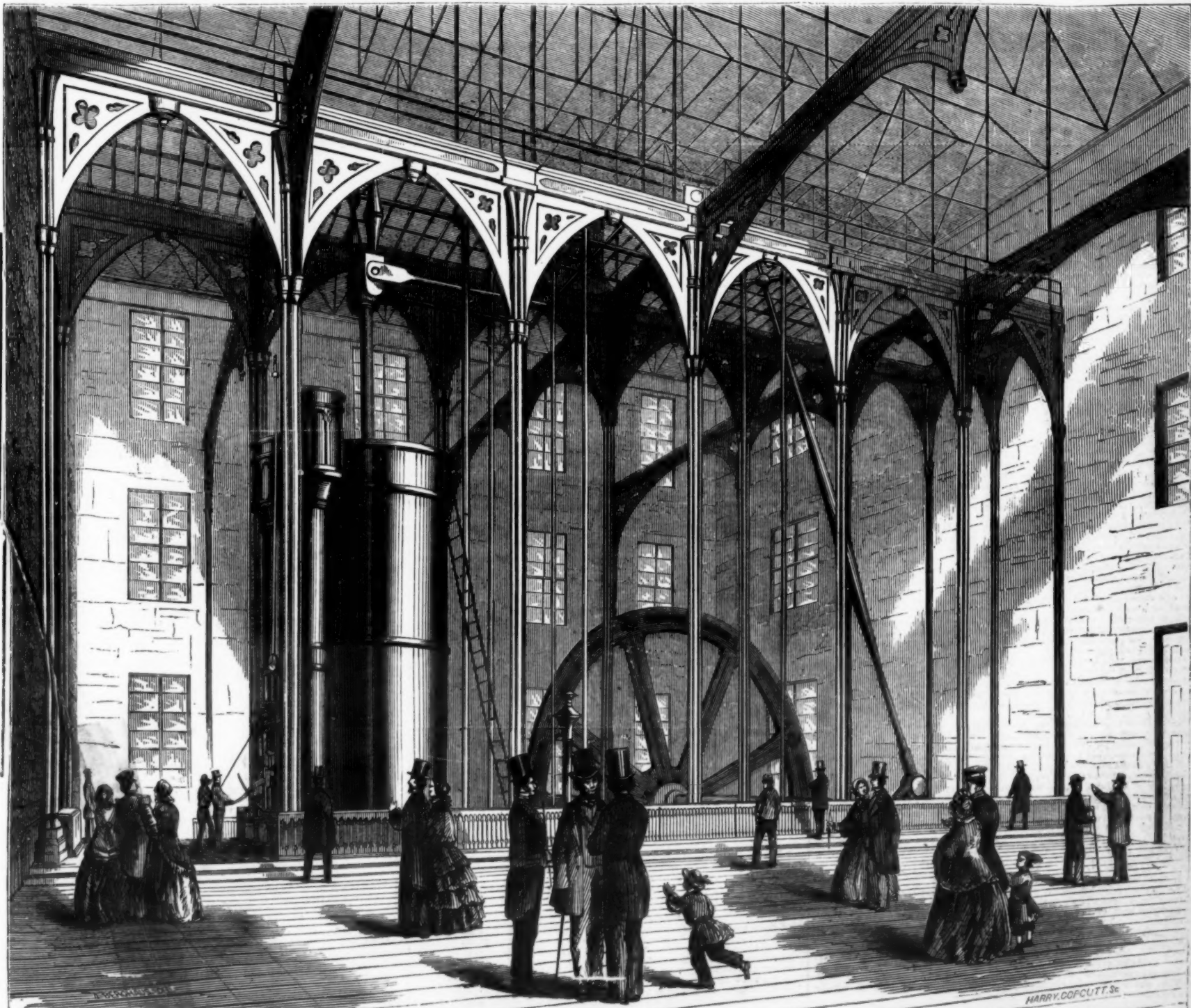


MACHINE SHOP AND ENGINE ROOM, U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

this building, on the left you come to the "Lyceum," a very neat edifice, occupied by the Commandant of the yard and his several assistants.

THE NAVAL LYCEUM.

The Lyceum, as understood by visitors, is a point of great attraction, for the entire upper part of the building is occupied as a depository of paintings, curiosities and books, the whole under the charge of the librarian, Mr. Burch, appointed by the members of the Lyceum and reading-room. Upon entering, the first object of interest which meets the eyes of the visitor are the portraits of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington down to Van Buren. The satisfaction of the visitor is enhanced while gazing on these pictures, when he is informed that they were all taken from life; they are considered by the members of the Lyceum the treasures of the



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE ENGINE ROOM ATTACHED TO THE MACHINE SHOP, U. S. NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN, USED FOR DRAWING THE WATER FROM THE DRY DOCK.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"MINNIE GRAY," ETC.

CHAPTER LXII.—Continued.

From this place of refuge he wrote to his supposed friend to join him. In a few days the hypocrite made his appearance, pretending that he had just arrived from Exeter. With tears in his eyes, for he was an excellent actor, he proceeded to inform him that his wife had died in childbirth, and the infant with her.

For more than a month, Marmaduke was a raging maniac; and, but for the skill and untiring care of Dr. Curry, would have accomplished the secret wishes and design of his unnatural enemy.

When sufficiently recovered, the unhappy man, still acting under the advice of his destroyer, quitted England, heartbroken, nervous, and prematurely old.

In Spain, where he entered the army, it was his fortune to save the life of the then infant Don Carlos, whose father, the reigning king, not only granted him letters of naturalization, but conferred on him the title of Count Liliñi. It was not till years afterwards that he discovered how false a part had been played by Helmsman, and that Adelaide was the wife of General de Courcie; from that moment he regarded her as a sister.

No sooner did Richard Burg find himself free from the presence of the brother whose happiness and good name he had succeeded, for awhile at least, in effectually destroying, than he wrote to Colonel Hardy, and inclosed in his letter a forged certificate of his brother's death: at the same time he gave him to understand, by artful hints, that a secret marriage had taken place. It was done in the hope of converting the heartless lie he had concocted into a truth, in the fond-like calculation, that the shock of the intelligence, added to her father's indignant reproaches, would, in all probability, consign the victim of his treachery and her unborn infant to an untimely grave.

In this dark design the unnatural brother was assisted and counselled not only by Helmsman, but the steward, Snape, and the housekeeper, Mrs. Lawrence; the former thought to obtain an influence with his master in pandering to his evil passions, and the latter had long been his mistress.

It was her son whom Richard so long passed upon the world as the legitimate offspring of his ill-used, neglected wife, on whose death he would have married her had not his youngest brother given him such convincing proofs of her worthlessness, that he abandoned the project in very shame.

Hence the hatred of Harry, and the eagerness with which she had joined in the conspiracy to deprive him of the family estate.

The letter, fortunately, did not reach its destination till the day after Adelaide had become a mother; at the hour of its birth she had separated from her child, and the agony of the trial had almost caused her death.

However cold and stern, Colonel Hardy remembered that he was a parent; and when he saw the state to which his daughter was reduced, although he for the first time suspected the cause, not a word of reproach escaped his lips; he believed her to be a wife. Had all the truth been known, we question if the old man could have mastered his indignation.

It was long, very long, before the unhappy mother recovered sufficiently to accompany her father to France, where she first became acquainted with General de Courcie, who soon made her an offer of his hand.

It was in vain that she would have declined it; her father proved inexorable. He had been well served by those whom he employed to fathom the mystery. The proofs that her marriage was a mock one were laid before her, and at the same time an assurance given of the death of her infant.

The victim was helpless, and the sacrifice soon became accomplished. A year afterwards the colonel died. The rest of her sad history our readers are already acquainted with.

Since Liliñi's introduction to Nancy circumstances had transpired which directed to her his particular attention. Her face inspired him with strange, wild hopes, and her beautiful and truthful character with admiration. After earnest and anxious inquiries, he feels satisfied that Nancy is the long-lost and deeply-mourned child of himself and the Countess de Courcie. Fully impressed with this belief, he arranged his pressing business in London, and sought the countess in Paris at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Their interview was most agitating; but the promised joy of again beholding her child induced her to leave her retreat of sacred quiet and accompany the count to London. Together they visited their supposed daughter, now near her confinement; and even in the absence of direct proof, the magic instincts of a mother's heart whispered that she was the much loved offspring of her first love.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Seems he a dove?—his feathers are but borrowed,
For he's disposed on the evil raven.
Is he a lamb?—his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves,
Who cannot steal a sheep.—SHAKESPEARE.

The day on which Brandon and his distinguished guests were to arrive at Burg Hall dawned, and, thanks to the untiring exertions of Albert Mortimer, who had been zealously seconded—to the great surprise of all who were not in the secret of his motive—by Doctor Curry, everything was arranged for a flattering reception.

From an early hour the principal street in the little town of Alston Moor had been gaily decorated with evergreens and flags. In front of the Miners' Arms the word "Welcome" appeared, tastefully framed in flowers of every shade and color. The inhabitants were, most of them, dressed in their best attire, and everything denoted a general holiday.

In addition to these preparations, there was to be a procession of the tenantry on horseback, with an address, which the oldest farmer on the estate was to read; besides on the green and the neighboring hills, an ox roasted whole in the park, to which all comers were to be admitted, and ale at discretion, or rather indiscretion (for the supply was directed to be unlimited), in order to keep up the enthusiasm of the crowd, give a false color to the vulgar, scheming Yankee, and impress the earl with an opinion of his great influence in the county.

Faint shouts in the distance proclaimed the approach of Brandon Burg and his party. Two carriages and four appeared on the brow of the hill. "The moment is at hand," thought the captain, "which must test the sincerity of these fellows. Forward, gentlemen!" he added, speaking aloud, and giving his horse the rein.

"And donna forget yer speech," said the doctor, addressing the old farmer who was to read the address, "and mind and stop for the cheers." "I canna do it," exclaimed the old man nervously, as they galloped along side by side.

"What for no, man?" demanded the former speaker. "I've lost my speech."

"Then I must read it myself," muttered the Scot, coolly. "It's no exactly the task I should ha' preferred; but needs must, as the auld proverb says, when the devil drives."

By this time the carriages and horsemen, the postillions and riders drew rein at the same instant, as if by mutual consent; then followed a succession of such hearty cheers, that Albert had time to shake hands both with the countess and Eugenia, who were in the first equipage with Brandon and the earl.

"All right," he whispered in the ear of his confederate, who, rising on the seat of his carriage, took off his hat and bowed repeatedly.

"Really, a very fine body of men," observed the peer.

"And all my voters, my lord," said the Yankee, with a knowing wink. "Well, Snape," he added, "is everything in slick order at the hall?"

"Everything, squire," replied the steward obsequiously; "but the tenantry wish to read you an address."

"All right, cut along—go ahead," as we say in the new country."

Dr. Curry advanced, and, raising his hat, read the address in a strong Scotch accent, word for word, as the captain and himself had written it. The parts which most gratified the hero of the occasion were those in which the farmers expressed their profound regret for the coldness of their first reception of him, and their honest conviction that his cousin Harry possessed not a shadow of a claim to the estate.

At the conclusion there followed another succession of cheers, the reader himself acting as fugleman.

Silence was at last obtained, and Brandon, after squirting the saliva once or twice with wonderful dexterity between his teeth, and spreading his coarse red hand over that portion of his chest where the heart is supposed to be situated, commenced his reply.

"Gentlemen," he began, "although born a 'ristocrat, I was raised in a free and enlightened country, and naturally reciprocate the sentiments I have just heard. They are considerably handsome ones, and do you pretty considerable credit. In fact, I may say they are chop number one."

Here the orator turned something in his mouth—we fear it was a quid—and paused.

"Hear, hear!" cried the Scot, waving his hat, and the cheering was renewed, as it was to every succeeding pause the speaker made.

"I come among ye with the best of feelings," resumed the Yankee; "liberal and high-minded; but I ain't to be done; soft sander won't pay the rents, mind that, so it's no use trying it. Shell out regularly, and you'll find me an excellent boss, more as mint julep or a sherry cobbler; only you can't suck me through with a straw. Try it, and I walk into you like a flash of lightning, for I guess I am a regular master, and no mistake. Aint I though? O yes!"

At this extraordinary discourse, something very like a murmur was heard among the tenantry, who, fortunately for the speaker, had only a faint idea of his meaning. Had they fully comprehended him, his triumphant entry into Alston Moor, in all probability, would have had a different termination.

"Very handsome, and exceedingly just!" cried the doctor, on whom every eye was fixed. "Long live the heir of Burg Hall. Shout!" he added, in an under tone to those nearest to him, "or the fule will spoil all."

The order was instantly obeyed.

"I shall feel considerably proud," exclaimed Brandon, "to shake the enlightened individual who made those judicious observations by the hand."

"Are you mad or drunk?" whispered Albert, "to touch upon such subjects?"

The speaker took the hint.

The viscount, who occupied the second carriage in company with two friends, who, like himself, were in the Guards, enjoyed the scene exceedingly. Several times he roared "Bravo, bravo!" in a tone that slightly piqued the Yankee, who determined to give him as good as he sent.

"This, gentlemen," he continued, pointing to Eugenia, with the air of a showman describing an exhibition, "is Mrs. B."

The haughty beauty bowed to conceal her mortification.

"And this," continued the landlord, indicating in the same unceremonious manner his two guests, "Lord Melbourn and his wife—very excellent people as times go."

"The brute!" murmured the countess, not daring to look at her husband, whose astonishment and disgust deprived him of all power of speech. The shouts of laughter from the viscount and his two friends rang painfully in his ears, and convinced him how ridiculous a position he had placed himself in.

"In the next carriage, gentlemen," resumed the Yankee, whose unfortunate passion for speech-making our readers are already acquainted with, "is the son and heir of my illustrious friend, the earl; I mean the one in the white coat, the simplest-looking of the three. He is, as you are all aware, a candidate for the county."

Three cheers for the viscount!" cried the tenants.

The hero of the long line of Melbourns contented himself with bowing his acknowledgments.

"That's right," said the landlord, who began to warm with his own eloquence; "give him another cheer and your votes."

"He shall have them," cried the farmers.

"There's more in him than you'd imagine," observed Brandon, with a knowing wink; "but all in good time, as the alligator said when it laid its eggs in the sand. He is a young man whom I esteem, and intend to bring out in public life. He ain't much in the habit of speaking as yet, so I'll return thanks for him. Rush to the poll, record your free and enlightened votes for him, and crush his opponent into eternal squash."

"We will, we will!" shouted the majority of his hearers.

"Any tenant who goes against him I'll turn off my estate."

"Hear I hear! Hear?"

"And cowhide him into the bargain!"

"Hear I hear!"

"I'll have no tyranny! All men are equal, where they arn't niggers! My mother is free election! Liberty! thunder! the star-spangled banner! and plumpers for my ownable friend! And now," added the speaker, turning to the band of music which had accompanied the procession, "strike up Yankee Doodle, or any other enlightened air, and play on slick to the hall."

At the termination of this extraordinary harangue, Brandon Burg sat down, and the carriage drove on, fully expected to be complimented by the earl on his eloquence. Fortunately, the clanging of the music, and the shouts of the crowd, which increased as they advanced, rendered all attempts at conversation fruitless. Consequently his lordship was compelled to postpone his indignant remonstrances. His host saw by his countenance that something had riled him, but attributed it to envy and jealousy.

The old boy never heard a discourse, I calculate, like that afore," he mentally exclaimed. "It's showed him up—outdone the poor critter's *fabulous*. Only let Mrs. B. settle her family affairs," he added, "and I'll astonish the aristulavian 'crons still more. O yes! I guess I'm pretty considerable strong in that speciality."

"The dignity of the peerage is at stake," thought his lordship; "it is impossible that either myself or Lady Melbourn can remain the guest of such an exceedingly vulgar person."

As for Eugenia, she had not once dared to raise her eyes to those of her mother, whose mortification and rage exceeded, if possible, her own.

The countess wondered how her daughter ever consented to marry such a brute.

By the time the party reached the hall, prudence had come to their aid, and the indignation of all three somewhat cooled. The earl very naturally considered that as he had already endured so much for the safety of the British constitution and the welfare of his country—to say nothing of the blue ribbon, which for years had been the one sole object of his ambition—he might just as well still his indignation and persevere to the end. Unless his son carried the election there would be no quarter. Already the chances were somewhat evenly balanced. If Brandon turned against him, it was at an end. His lady relied on the easy disposition of her husband, and his rigid adherence to his word, to relieve her from an embarrassing position; Eugenia, to time or the chapter of accidents to release her from the degrading chain with which she had bound herself.

After one day to be passed in canvassing the neighborhood, the entire party were to proceed to the county town for the election.

The next morning Brandon Burg and his visitors met at the breakfast-table at an early hour; not one was absent; the earl and countess, to repress by their presence any sudden ebullition of temper on the part of their son; Albert Mortimer, to watch the conduct of the Yankee, and, if necessary, to check it; and the two gentlemen, to amuse themselves at the expense of all.

Eugenia was the last to make her appearance. Every one was struck by the paleness of her features and air of suffering. She had, passed, she declared, a fearful night; but her head ached terribly—Fantine had tried Eau de Cologne, all kinds of remedies, but in vain; nothing would remove it.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Burg," said Albert; "you have not tried my specific yet. I never travel without it."

"Nor I without mine," observed the Yankee. "Nothing like gin sling, or a hair of the dog that bit."

"Pray fetch it," interrupted the countess, anxious to prevent the rest of her son-in-law's elegant speech from being overheard; "our sweet friend is suffering severely."

"Willingly; it is in my dressing-case."

The gentleman rose from the breakfast table as if to seek it, when Eugenia, who feared some coarse outbreak on the part of her husband during his absence, hastily directed the butler to bring the case from Captain Mortimer's chamber.

In a few minutes the servant returned with it, a very handsome Indian one, and placed it on the table. Its owner immediately opened it and presented a small crystal *flacon* to the mistress of Burg Hall, directing her to smell it.

"Exquisite!" sighed the lady, who found almost immediate relief from the powerful volatile essence which it contained. "What a delicious perfume!"

"Quite a medicine-chest, I declare," said Lady Melbourn, taking a second *flacon* from the case.

"You must not touch that," exclaimed Albert.

"Why not?"

"It is poison."

Those who were present repeated the word in a tone of surprise. Her ladyship instantly replaced it.

"And one of the most curious as well as deadly," continued the gentleman; "it was given me by an Arabian physician in India. I wished to put a favorite horse, that had slipped its shoulder, out of pain."

"It did succeed?"

"I died without a struggle."

"I see nothing particularly curious in that," observed the earl, who was something of an amateur chemist. "I could name a dozen different acids, every one of which produce the same effect."

"What is singular in this," continued the owner of the dressing-case, "is, that the dose may be so regulated as to produce death in an instant, two or three hours, a day, a week, or a month; and that too without the possibility of discovering the means, for there is no known test by which its presence can be detected. Perhaps you wonder why I should keep such a dangerous drug by me. The essence which has just relieved Mrs. Burg is prepared from it."

All this was uttered so naturally, that not a person present suspected the speaker of any design in explaining the peculiar qualities of the poison.

As the speaker replaced the *flacon* in the case, which he locked, and placed the key in the pocket of his dressing-gown, the incident was speedily forgotten by all but Eugenia; the words of the artful villain had produced a dangerous effect upon her—she set her thinking.

The arrival of Dr. Curry and several gentlemen who were to accompany the viscount on his canvass, broke up the conversation. The horses were brought to the door, and in less than an hour the countess and her daughter were left alone.

The former persuaded Eugenia to retire to her room and take some repose; the unhappy wife offered but a faint opposition, which her ladyship overruled by declaring her intention of taking a walk in the park.

It was the very opportunity the mistress of the house desired. No sooner was she alone than she hastened to the chamber of Albert Mortimer, and felt eagerly in the pocket of his dressing-gown. He had purposely left the key there.

"How fortunate!" she murmured.

Her better angel sighed as her lips pronounced the word.

A portion of the deadly contents of the *flacon* was poured into one she had brought with her, and the key replaced in the pocket of the dressing-gown.

Trembling and confused, she returned to her own room.

Eugenia would have felt puzzled to explain even to herself why she had taken the poison; in fact she had no definite idea of the use she might make of it; the action she had just committed had been prompted by one of those restless, vague desires which the crime can never guard too cautiously against, for they are the precursors of crime, whose first steps are so gentle that they seldom startle us.

"So," thought Albert Mortimer when he examined the dressing-case on his return to the hall, "she has already provided herself with the weapon; in time she will find courage to use it."

Having made this fiend-like calculation, the gentleman proceeded to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.—MILTON.

Not even to describe the humors of a county election in the comparatively good old times, when bribery was a science, and voters a vendible commodity, dare we trespass too far on the indulgence of our readers by delaying the progress of our tale. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with stating that, after three days' sharp contest—hard fighting—the election terminated in favor of the viscount, who was declared duly elected by the high sheriff, and chaired through the town to the intense satisfaction of every one but himself.

The whole party made immediate preparation to return to London, all thoroughly disgusted with each other, but all uniting in a positive loathing of the selfish, ignorant and vulgar Brandon Burg.

The evening before their departure, the Yankee, Albert and Snape held a long conference together. The loss of the title deeds was a source of great inconvenience. Brandon could raise no money on mortgage without them.

"You have got the warrant against Curry?" he observed.

The steward nodded in the affirmative.

"And against his servant, Peter Bodger?"

"Against both of them."

"Arrest them directly after my departure," said his employer.

The following morning all but the steward and the rest of the servants started

for London. There was less ceremony than on their arrival—merely an escort of tenantry; for Brandon could not resist the opportunity of once more displaying his powers of oratory before his noble guest, who was compelled to listen to his valedictory speech to them. It was doubly cruel to his unoffending guest; he forgot he was a member of the House of Peers.

Although the officers with the warrant were at hand, Snape prudently directed them not to arrest the doctor till night. There were still crowds of farmers and miners in the town, and the experiment might prove dangerous to all who were concerned in it.

Added to which, he had another and a personal motive. He intended to accompany them to the house of the Scot himself.

It was midnight when, accompanied by his two myrmidons, he knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried a voice, which he mistook for the old man's.

The steward groped his way along the passage into the little parlor; where, to his astonishment, instead of a man he came to arrest, he discovered two strangers, respectable, determined-looking fellows, with a certain air and manner about them which did not altogether please him.

"Is Dr. Curry at home?" he inquired.

"Gone to London."

"Peter Bodger, his servant?"

"Gone, too."

"Then we have nothing to do here," observed Snape, glad to get away.

"But we have," observed the eldest of the two strangers, springing upon him and seizing him by the collar, whilst his companion handcuffed him.

"What mean you?" faltered the conscience-stricken wretch.

"Warrant for murder, that's all. The old gentleman who lives in this cottage told us you were sure to call, and so we waited for you."

The detectives—for such they both were—produced their authority in order to satisfy the two officers who had accompanied their prisoner on a similar errand.

"May I not write a letter," demanded Snape.

"No."

"Send for my lawyer."

"He is in prison too."

Despite entreaties and bribes, which were freely offered, his captors refused to suffer him to communicate with any one, or to delay his departure. They had a chaise waiting at the back of the house, in which, guarded on either side, the wretched man started for London.

As he passed in front of the lodge-gate, the moon shone brightly on the spot where poor Franklin had been murdered.

The assassin shuddered, and sank back on the seat.

The pistol thrown away in the park by the assassin led to the arrest of Mr. Tye, who it was proved had purchased the pair; and the wily lawyer, seeing no other means of escape, accused Snape of having stolen them from his private office.

Immediately on their return to London the Countess Melbourn claimed the redemption of the Earl's promise to grant her whatever she asked. The Earl acknowledged his obligations, and the Countess told him her early history and that Eugenia was her daughter. The Earl groaned in spirit when he thought of his low-bred, insolent son-in-law; but his word was pledged and forgiveness was accorded.

"You owe me no gratitude," he said; "you have freed my assent: better ridicule than dishonor. It is my will," he added, "that all our friends should be invited to a grand ball, and Mrs. Brandon Burg presented as your daughter."

There was something so stern in the manner of the speaker that the countess could only murmur the name of Brandon.

"Never!" exclaimed the earl; "never shall he pass my doors! On that point my decision is irrevocable. Eugenia is your child," he added, with many frankness; "there is no dishonor in her birth. Would I had known it sooner—much misery might have been spared us both. She has a right to a mother's tenderness, although it comes somewhat tardily. Eugenia I will receive, and protect, if necessary; the man she has married, never!"

And without waiting a reply, the offended husband quitted the room.

It would be difficult to describe the fury of Brandon when informed that he was not only excluded from the hall, but that the Earl of Melbourn positively refused to have anything further to do with him: his rage and disappointment broke forth in the fiercest and coarsest invective.

"Here's reciprocity!" he exclaimed to Albert Mortimer: "but it's like the mule-headed Britishers. Didn't I make his spon of a son a member of Congress?"

"You did."

"And get the old fool his garters?"

"You certainly assisted his lordship to obtain that honor," replied his confederate.

"He has no more gratitude than a crocodile."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"I won't be fooled!" continued the Yankee. "I'm riled, and with pretty good reason, I calculate. To have been jawed out of my seat by Mrs. B. and her precious mother!"

"It certainly does appear unhandsome conduct," observed the gentleman, who had his own reasons for keeping up the storm.

"Unhandsome!" interrupted Brandon; "it ain't human."

"Mrs. B. shan't go to the ball," he added, "without me."

"There you are wrong: you had better go after her," whispered Albert.

"I know the earl: he is naturally sensitive, and has a horror of scandal. Present yourself boldly: you will be received; but you must conceal your intention from Mrs. Burg."

This advice, which was given during the absence of Eugenia, so tickled the fancy of her husband that he determined upon following it.

After day till the one fixed for the ball, the proud spirit of his wife was mortified and humbled by being compelled to listen to the coarse insults, and still coarser invectives of the man she now bitterly hated; but her sufferings, instead of softening her heart, hardened it. It never once struck her that all she endured from her ill-assorted marriage was but a just punishment for her conduct to the innocent Bella.

"Had I known the secret of my birth only a few months sooner," she frequently murmured to herself, "how different might have been my fate as the acknowledged daughter of the countess. Rich, clever, and beautiful, I might have found one capable of appreciating, of elevating me in that circle from which the monster I have thrown myself away upon, is dragging me down. Would he were dead!"

It is a fearful moment when such words escape for the first time from the lips of a wife: crime is busy at her heart.

In her pride and shame, Eugenia found herself several times contemplating the *flacon* of poison she had abstracted from the dressing-case of the captain, mentally wondering whether the drug really possessed the terrible qualities he had ascribed to it, and if there were no known test by which its presence might be detected after death.

On the day of the ball Mortimer dined with his friend Brandon, who, exceeded, if possible, in language and coarseness all his previous outrages. Although cautious not to let his intention of forcing his presence on the earl be known, he could not refrain from giving certain significant hints.

"I guess the old 'coon will be taken aback," he said, winking at his guest.

"They won't have me, won't they! O no! We shall see."

"Time may bring better feelings," observed the captain, "and render his lordship more sensible of your merits, and the service you rendered him."

"Sent his white-faced spon of a son to Congress—wait till there's another election, that's all; may be I won't start again him."

"All may be reconciled before then."

"Will it, though?" said the Yankee: "perhaps it won't be too late!"

From these and similar observations, Eugenia suspected that some project was in agitation, and the thought alarmed her: in his passion her husband, she well knew, was capable of committing any outrage, however violent.

Amongst the earliest arrivals were General Trolawny and his party, who were much struck with the extreme paleness of Eugenia, and yet, perhaps, she had never appeared more beautiful; her toilette was admirable; her jewelry, the gift of the countess for the occasion, magnificent, although the splendor of her dark eyes, which flashed with triumph and excitement, eclipsed them. Had happiness been there, the expression would have been more subdued.

No wonder that her mother felt proud of the child she acknowledged for the first time to the world. Even the earl, as he contemplated her stately form and queenly air, felt almost reconciled to the discovery, and would have been quite so but for one painful recollection—her husband, the vulgar, brutal Yankee, the pendant to the fascinating portrait.

The loveliness of Bella was of a far less striking character; it attracted admiration, whilst her cousin's seemed to challenge it. It reminded the spectator of one of those quiet little pictures, gems of softness and expression, which the eye loves to rest upon, which charms without dazzling, and appeals to the ideal rather than the positive.

A half-mocking smile curled the lips of her cousin, as she remarked the simple robe of white which Bella wore, without jewels or ornaments of any kind, except a half-blown rosebud in her luxuriant hair. It was the dress of a fiancée.

In heart Eugenia determined that with her consent it should never be changed for one of a bride. Harold observed the expression, and repaid it with a glance of scorn.

During the earlier part of the night considerable surprise was created amongst the aristocratic guests by the appearance of two gentlemen, who paraded the rooms without seeming to know or be known by any one. There was nothing peculiar in their dress, which consisted of the usual evening costume; it was the awkward air with which they wore it—a certain vulgarity and restraint—which attracted such general attention.

"Who are they? Who can they be?" escaped from many a fair lip as they passed, silent and stolid as two mutes in a funeral procession. Those who had seen the husband of Eugenia, charitably pronounced them relatives of Mr. Brandon Burg; there was no mistaking, they considered, the family likeness.

These were in error: the strangers were Englishmen, and very respectable, useful personages in their way; and yet we cannot help sincerely wishing our readers may never make the acquaintance of either of them—that is, professionally.

The gentlemen were two police-officers in disguise. When Brandon reached the head of the grand staircase at Melbourg house, the two officers, whom he mistook for servants out of livery, requested his name. The intruder thought it was to announce him, and gave it unhesitatingly.

"You will be pleased to follow me, sir," said one of them.

"Where to?"

"The conservatory, where the earl will see you."

"The old 'coon begins to show the white feather," thought the Yankee, feeling more satisfied than ever at the step he had taken: "as if a free and enlightened citizen, raised in a go-ahead country, was to be done! I guess not. All right, my man," he added, speaking aloud, "look eery."

"This way, sir."

The conservatory, which extended the entire width of the house, running parallel with the drawing-rooms, was brilliantly illuminated. Two marble fountains cooled the air, which the heat of the lamps would have rendered oppressive. It was almost a fairy picture, such as in a climate like England's great wealth and taste alone could have found means to create—exotics of every clime, the rarest plants in flower, shed a delicious perfume, and attracted the eye by their gorgeous colors.

The Camara, with its beautiful white flowers and delicate odor, the Polémone, which Italy tells us brings out the honor of discovering, and the Spanish jessamine relieved by their simplicity the more brilliant productions of the tropics and the East; but the pride of the collection—for it was at the time we write of unique—was a luxuriant Vanilla, spreading like a vine over the sides and roof of the conservatory.

"A pretty handsome stock," thought Brandon, as he surveyed them; "a capital place for a cigar and gin-sling after dinner."

For some time he amused himself by examining the flowers. As he recognized those of his own country a smile curled his lips; he thought how the Red Indian in the pathless forests of the New World trampled daily beneath his feet, or passed unnoticed, the fragrant gifts of nature which in the old one it cost a fortune to rear.

Tired at last of waiting for the earl, and excited by the music, he declared his intention of seeking his lordship; but the door of the place was locked.

He called to one of the men to open it.

"Impossible," replied the officer.

"Why not? you have the key?"

The man held it dangling on his finger.

"Because it's against orders."

"Against orders!" repeated the Yankee, furiously; for, like most *parvenus*, he felt extremely impatient of contradiction; "does the old fool imagine he can keep me prisoner? Open it, I say, or I'll smash it into eternal splinters."

He raised his foot to put his threat into execution, when one of the detectives slipped between him and the door, and at the same time drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

It was extraordinary the effect which the sight of the fetters produced upon Mr. Brandon Burg. His features, naturally cadaverous, turned ashy pale; presentiments, similar to those he had felt on more than one occasion in his adventurous career, crept over him.

"What do you mean?" he faltered.

"Better not ask it, hadn't he, Jim?" said the man, turning to his companion; "for if once we execute the warrant, I don't well see how we could let him off."

"Certainly not," observed his brother officer.

"Fugury is such a serious charge."

"But they don't hang for it now," added his comrade; "that is, if the prisoner has friends to make interest for him; but if we were to forge the certificate of a gentleman's death who is still living, and get a fine estate by pretending to be the son of a man we never saw, they'd hang us, I'm thinking."

These words revealed to the terror-stricken wretch the full measure of the danger which menaced him. The bubble was blown, and the fortune he had schemed for, not only wrenched from his grasp, but what he considered of far more importance, his life endangered.

Completely crushed and spiritless, the Yankee sat with his arms folded, the very picture of despair, when the Earl and Countess of Melbourg, followed by Lillini and Eugenia, entered the conservatory.

"You here!" exclaimed his wife, in a tone of astonishment and terror, for she had not forgotten the ominous silence as she passed the smoking-room, and expected a far different denouement.

"It's all up, Mrs. B.," sighed her husband.

"What is the meaning of this extraordinary scene?" demanded the earl.

"It means, my lord," replied the Count, "that the wretch before you is a prisoner, who must answer to the offended laws for having assumed a name he has no right to; for having obtained possession of my family estates by pretending to be my son, and forging certificates, not only of his birth, but my death."

"You, then, are—"

"Marmaduke Burg," answered the gentleman, with quiet dignity; "the title by which you have hitherto known me was conferred upon me by the late King of Spain."

There was a pause. It was some time before the master of the house—who stood before him decorated with the ensigns of England's noblest chivalry, whose blazon was without stain, whose name was rich in honor—could comprehend the full extent of the disgrace and misery which had so suddenly fallen upon him. As his conceptions became more clear, he cast a look full of reproach upon his trembling wife.

"Had I but known this sooner!" he murmured.

"Lillini! friend!" exclaimed the countess, imploringly, "have pity on the honor of my house, the fair fame of my child. I am rich; all you have been wronged of shall be restored. Spare me the shame of having broken my husband's heart. Pity! pity!"

"Appeal to your daughter," replied the Count, deeply moved; "the fate of the despicable being she is linked with rests in her hands."

"In Eugenia's?"

"Even so. She knows the price at which I will consent to spare him."

"Speak!" said her mother, eagerly.

The haughty beauty maintained an obstinate silence; she trusted to the poison to relieve her from the infamy which threatened, and darted a look of defiance at the generous man, who would fain have saved her from her own evil passions.

"You plead to stone, madam," observed her husband, in a tone of contempt.

"Mrs. B. I have you no heart?" exclaimed the Yankee, despairingly.

"My last appeal is to you," murmured the unhappy mother, attempting to cast herself at the feet of the Count.

Lillini prevented her; his generous heart was deeply touched by her sorrow; but the recollection of Bella and Harold, and the promise he had made, kept him firm.

"Impossible," he said; "my word is pledged. If Mrs. Brandon rejects the only condition on which I can consent to spare her husband, the law must take its course."

"Let it," said Eugenia, in a low but resolute tone. "I hate him! my youth is blighted; I have nothing left to live for; but those who have caused my misery shall not triumph in my disgrace."

"The viper!" murmured the prisoner, sinking back in the chair, with a sudden expression of pain.

"Think of the world," urged the peer.

"I can brave it, my lord. The fortune I possess will be quite sufficient for retirement."

"She hasn't a cent!" exclaimed Brandon; "it all went to pay Albert Mortimer, Sir John Sellem, and the rest of the gang who got me into this precious fix."

"I can endure even poverty," replied Eugenia.

The effects of the drug, increased by the terrible excitement which the wretched criminal had endured for the last hour, began to tell upon him. He fell into violent convulsions, during which it required the united strength of the two detectives to hold him. In his agony he foamed at the mouth, and uttered the most horrible imprecations, not only against his wife but all who were near him.

"This is madness," remarked Lillini.

"Poison," said the senior officer, whose experienced eye had at once detected the symptoms. Had I not better remove him at once to the station?"

At the word "poison," the guilty woman sank fainting on a seat. The countess hastened to her assistance, despite the ramon-trances of the earl; a mother's heart, however deeply wounded, is rarely indifferent to the sufferings of her child.

"She will yield, my lord, to our entreaties; I am sure she will," exclaimed her ladyship; "it is not in nature to withstand such a succession of terrors."

In unfastening the dress of her daughter, a small crystal flask, mounted in gold, fell to the ground. Lillini raised it, with the intention of offering it to Lord Melbourg, when it was suddenly taken from his hand. He turned, and beheld Albert Mortimer. The clever schemer, uneasy at the non-arrival of Brandon, had made inquiries amongst the servants; learnt his arrival and visit to the conservatory; had followed, and, for the last ten minutes, had overheard all that passed.

"What mean you, sir?" demanded the count.

"To secure the pledge of my safety, and enable you to fulfil the promise you made to Harold Tracy and Bella. Mrs. Brandon will not refuse my request," he added, significantly.

Eugenia slowly recovered; but at the sight of the speaker, with the fatal evidence of her crime in his hand, and the menacing glances he cast upon her, a chill of terror ran through every vein, and she nearly relapsed a second time into a state of unconsciousness.

"I can save him," he continued, in the same calm tone; "one hour more, and it will be too late. Choose between compliance with the just request of this gentleman," he added, pointing to the count, "or an ignominious death upon the scaffold."

A cry of horror broke from all present at the word.

"Monster!" cried the countess, "dare you accuse my child?"

"Her looks accuse her," replied the captain, respectfully. "Have you forgot the Indian drug which so excited your curiosity at Burg Hall? My confederate has been poisoned with the same; your daughter obtained it surreptitiously from my dressing-case."

"Infamous woman!" muttered the earl.

"What proof have you to support so improbable a charge?" demanded his wife.

The captain held to her view the flask; the unhappy mother turned aside in agony.

"Decide," said the former, in a tone of calm politeness to Eugenia; "time presses—you know I seldom trifle."

The guilty woman, crushed and subdued by the long and terrible struggle between pride and fear, sobbed—"I consent."

"The consent must be written first," observed the gentleman.

"Do you doubt my word?"

A satirical smile was the only reply to so imprudent a question.

With a trembling hand Eugenia traced the assent extorted from her and handed it to Albert, who whispered, as he gave it to Lillini,

"Let the service I have rendered be considered when you decide my punishment."

"It shall," answered the count; "but this wretched man, deeply as I despise him, I cannot endure to witness his agonies."

"Give him ether and brandy every five minutes for the next hour, and the danger will be over. The volatile essence will combine with the drug and evaporate it, the spirit sustain his strength."

The countess hastened to her chamber, and speedily returned with the ether, which she took from her dressing-case. In less than an hour Brandon so far recovered that all danger was considered past.

"Return to your guests, my lord," said the count, addressing himself to the earl in a tone of the deepest sympathy. "The scandal which menaced the honor of your family is happily passed. Leave the rest to me."

"You are right," replied his lordship; "weakness must not lose what it has acquired such sacrifice to gain. You will accompany me," he added, offering his arm to his wife.

Lady Melbourg looked hesitatingly at Eugenia, who, crushed and overwhelmed by the exposure and the terrible struggle between pride, hate and fear she endured, sat, or rather reclined, on one of the banks.

"Choose," said the peer, firmly, "between your husband and that wretched woman; between the man who has honored and loved you, and the detected murderer who has proved your disgrace. Had she not been your child," he added, "she should have slept this night in prison."

"My lord, my lord! one word of adieu!" sobbed the unhappy mother.

"Your choice, I perceive, is made," answered the Earl of Melbourg, with great dignity; "may you never live to regret it. I shall quit the house instantly for my seat in Berkshire; on my return, I shall expect to find that you have fixed on another residence. Our solicitors will arrange the rest."

"You have recalled me to my duty," answered his wife, submissively, advancing at the same time and taking his arm; "and my future life shall be one constant endeavor to merit so much goodness. Her fortune, it appears, is lost; I cannot let her want."

"Certainly not," observed her husband, as he led her from the conservatory; "let her quit England for ever."

An hour later the noble owners of Melbourg House appeared once more amongst their guests, moving through the crowded saloons as if nothing had occurred; in fact, their presence had scarcely been missed. To one or two ladies who, during the evening, requested their hostess to present them to her charming daughter, the countess replied that Mrs. Brandon Burg, overcome by the heat of the rooms, had been compelled to return home.

"What are we to do with our prisoner?" inquired the officers of justice, as soon as the Yankee had sufficiently recovered to be removed.

"Take him to your own house and watch over him till the morning," answered the count, "when I will see him and arrange for his departure from England. Let no one have access to him; and above all," he added, "the utmost discretion on what has taken place to-night—you may rely not only upon Lord Melbourg's liberality, but on mine."

Great was the joy in the hearts of the lovers, Harold and Bella, when Lillini, or rather Marmaduke Burg, showed to them the written release from the oath which Eugenia had extorted from Bella. There was now no obstacle to their union; the future lay bright before them, and hope was strong in their hearts. Their thanks to the count were earnest and fervent, and he sincerely rejoiced at the happiness which he had assisted to procure.

The young Viscount Melbourg, enraged at the scenes which had transpired, sought out Captain Mortimer, and taunting him with his villainy, struck him. There was no alternative—they must fight. The next morning they met, and at the first fire, Mortimer fell dead, shot through the heart. The viscount immediately left for the Continent.

(To be continued.)

SECOND VISIT TO THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

(Continued from page 140.)

twenty years ago; but there being no use for her, and the river after which she was named not then being the southern boundary of our country, the ship was left for the entire twenty years in an unfinished state, an object of wonder to visitors, and a subject of tradition to men who had seen the keel when they were boys. The Sabine has recently been launched, and will soon be in service.

THE RECEIVING SHIP NORTH CAROLINA.

The prominent object among all the ships in the Navy Yard is the old North Carolina. In 1839 she was ordered by the Government to the yard, to serve as a receiving and recruiting ship. In that time she has been sometimes anchored at the Battery, but generally rests in the Navy Yard. This ship is familiar to almost "everybody," for she is always visited and examined, and is a source of inexpressible wonder to "landlubbers," and to the ladies. On board of the North Carolina are to be found the recruits of the navy, who are employed in broadsword exercise, climbing the yards, working the guns, splicing ropes, and in the general duties of the service. When a requisition is made for seamen, the officer in command drafts off the required number of men, who are immediately placed on board of the vessel in which they are to serve.

The ship is connected with the yard by a little flat, that constantly plies between the shore and the ship. There being often several hundred persons on board of the North Carolina, it can readily be imagined that the little errand boat is not idle, for between visitors, washerwomen, marines, officers, paints, oils, putty, and ten thousand miscellaneous things, the flow backward and forward is immense, but yet ever quiet, ever in order. The North Carolina is under charge of Lieut. Lowry, one of the most intelligent and gentlemanly officers in the navy.

WHAT IS SEEN ABOARD OF HER.

A man-of-war, viewed internally, strikes the beholder with more surprise than even the hull and towering masts. No words can give an idea of the immense size and solidity of a great ship. The broad deck stretching away from stem to stern, flanked on either side with the heavy bulwarks and the rows of black cannon, and overshadowed with the great, towering mass of spars and cordage; the swarms of men—officers in their uniform, with swords and epaulets, and sailors in crow's, some barefooted, clad in blue woollen shirts and loose trousers—picturesque and stalwart figures, with muscular arms, and bronzed and weather-reamed faces; decorated with various odd styles of whippers—their manners and movements free, graphic and nonchalant—these and the other features of the novel spectacle are hardly to be conveyed adequately by words. An indescribably mingled

sense of order, neatness, intricacy, busy movement and discipline pervades the mind on the deck of the man-of-war's man. Over all prevails another and a clearer sense of power, sharpened and strengthened by the military gleam of the arms, the silent menace of the black cannon, the martial port of the officers, the careless muscular figures of the men, and the colors of the bunting dancing and rippling from the truck. The war-vessel is one of the palpable assurances that America is a power upon the earth, and it is a source of no little pride, that these vessels bear abroad the Stars and Stripes, and give to distant nations the evidence of the wealth and power of a truly free people.

Passing through the captain's apartments, through the library, sitting and sleeping rooms for the officers, you pass below decks, where you meet with strange, vast, dim, low-browed, indescribable places, lit with dull port-holes, intricate as labyrinths, pervaded with a strong, aromatic smell of resinous gums, and full of sailors, some of whom sit on their chests in rows, reading, or sewing, or idle, while others rush about with agile activity, busied with the affairs of the vessel. Lower still are stranger and more intricate places, where the strong aromatic smells were stifling—store-rooms, lit with battle-lanterns, narrow passages, and all manner of dark, impossible nooks and avenues. Wonderful bulk, spaciousness, strength, complexity, order, and novelty everywhere, and everywhere baffling the tongue while satisfying the eye.

Admirable as you find the ship, you still will be intensely attracted by the sailors; while among them on the ship's deck, the conventionalities of the street are forgotten, for you meet with people who know nothing of the dangers of being on land in a storm—genuine people, the most interesting specimen of which is an old sailor. Etiquette and the parlor have not spoiled them. Their roughness and rudeness of life and speech are better than the sickening tameness and timidity, the pallid decency and bloodless decorum that we acquire in crowded cities.

The North Carolina, which lies out in the stream, is connected with the yard by a little flat, that constantly plies between the shore and the ship. There being often several hundred persons on board of the North Carolina, it can readily be imagined that the little errand boat is not idle, for between visitors, washerwomen, marines, officers, paints, oils, putty, and ten thousand miscellaneous things, the flow backward and forward is immense, but yet ever quiet, ever in order. The North Carolina is under charge of Lieutenant Lowry, one of the most intelligent and gentlemanly officers in the navy.

NAVAL HOSPITAL.

Our beautiful picture of this building, the Naval Hospital, will suggest to the most casual observer, that it is one of the most finely located of all the hospitals belonging to our Navy Yards. It is situated on high and broken ground, and with its surroundings, forms a green and pleasant spot, contrasting finely with the surrounding brick and mortar of the encroaching city of Brooklyn. There are between thirty and forty acres of land attached to this institution, portions of which are under high cultivation; the value of this land must now be immense, it originally cost the Government but a trifle. It is a grateful thing that it has been secured for the purposes of health and recreation, not only to the sailor, but to all who live in the vicinity, for now it is one of the breathing-places of a vast city, and will every year become more and more valuable for sanitary purposes.

The central building of the hospital was erected in 1832, the wings were added afterwards. The original hospital building was on the high ground north of the present entrance; Dr. Marshall was the surgeon at the time it was broken up. On the north side of the present hospital building is the laboratory established in 1852 by Secretary J. R. Kennedy, where are prepared all the medicines used in the United States Navy on ship-board, in stations, and in hospitals. The annual appropriation for this department is thirty-five thousand dollars. The director of the laboratory is Dr. B. F. Bache, who is under the general direction of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery at Washington, of which Dr. W. Wheelen is the head. The present surgeon in charge of the hospital is Dr. T. Thomas Dillard, assistant surgeon Dr. J. S. Guillian; these officials usually remain three years and are then ordered to some other station. The hospital building will pleasantly accommodate two hundred patients, and is the best ventilated building in the world. Occupying an elevated knoll, it overlooks on all sides the most splendid scenery; at the south is the Navy Yard and Wallabout Bay, and the distant city of New York; the north commands Green Point and Hurlgate; from the east you command Brooklyn and Williamsburg; the west, the city of New York. Upon the grounds are cultivated all the vegetables used in the hospital. At present, there are thirty-three patients in the different wards, which is about the usual number. These consist of invalid or disabled sailors of the United States navy.

The house of the resident surgeon is a beautiful cottage, buried among some of the handsomest horse-chestnut trees on this continent. The Ordnance Department occupies a portion of the Naval Hospital ground, as a depository of heavy cannon. There are piled up some four hundred guns, the largest of which are "fifty-eights." Most of these guns, although new, will most likely be superseded by "tadpole" looking pieces, recently invented by a commander in the navy.

MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

NEWS.—The origin of this word has been variously defined. News is a fresh account of anything. It is something not heard before. News is an account of the transactions of the present times. The word "news" is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective new. In former times (between the years 1595 and 1730) it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass,



importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe; and from this practice is derived the term Newspaper.

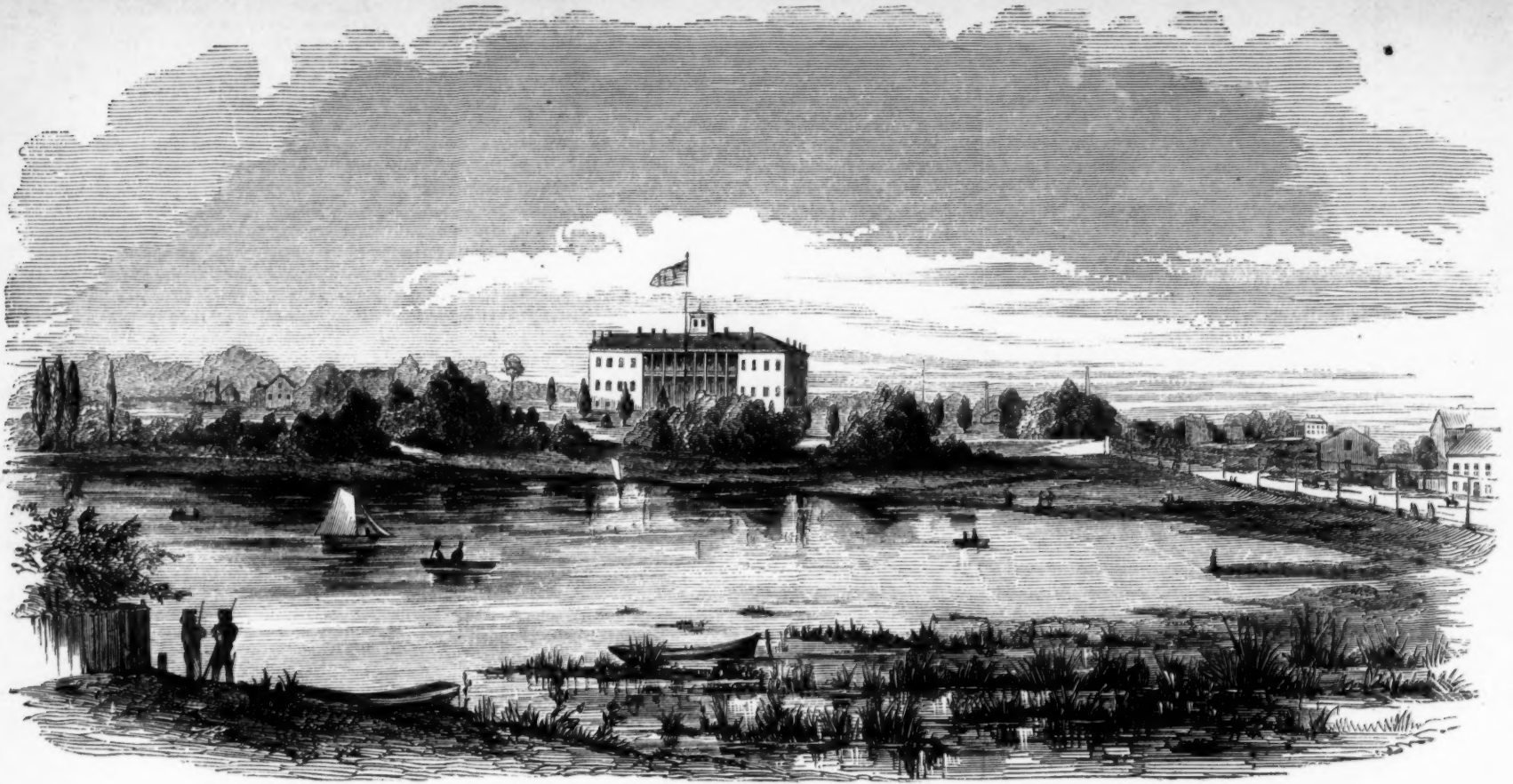
NOTARIES PUBLIC.—They were first appointed by the primitive fathers of the Christian church, to collect the acts or memoirs of the lives of the martyrs, in the first century. This office was afterwards changed to a commercial employment, to attest deeds and writings, so as to establish their authenticity in any other country.

NOVEMBER.—This was anciently the ninth month of the year (whence its name), but when Numa added the months of January and February, 713 B. C., the Romans had it for the eleventh, as it is now. The Roman senators (for whose mean servilities even *libertas*, it is said, often blushed) wished to call this month in which he was born, by his name, in imitation of Julius Caesar, and Augustus; but this the Emperor absolutely refused, saying, "What will you do, conscript fathers, if you have thirteen Caesars?"

POLE STAR.—A star of the second magnitude, the last in the tail of the constellation called the Little Bear; its nearness to the North Pole causes it never to set to those in the northern hemisphere, and therefore it is called the seaman's guide. The discovery of the Pole Star is ascribed by the Chinese to their emperor Hong Ti, the grandson (they say) of Noah, who reigned and flourished 1970 B. C.

POLYGAMY.—Most of the early nations of the world admitted polygamy. It was general among the ancient Jews, and is still so among the Turks and Persians. In Media it was a reproach to a man to have less than seven wives. Among the Romans, *Lucius Antony* is mentioned as the first who took two wives; and the practice became frequent until forbidden by *Arcadius A. D. 393*. The Emperor *Charles V.* punished this offence with death. In England, by statute 1 James I. 1603, it was made felony, but with benefit of clergy.

WHEN the United States becomes as densely populated as Holland, they will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants; nearly the present number of the whole human race.



U. S. NAVY YARD HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, SITUATED ON WHAT WAS ORIGINALLY THE SHORE OF THE WALLABOUT BAY.

SECOND VISIT TO THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

(Continued from page 137.)

brave—the forehead high and intellectual, and figure erect.

countenance, self-sufficient, but full of soul—a man who could rush into battle without consideration, and when death had overtaken him, could as a last prayer say, "Don't give up the ship." Next in interest is the plain, farmer-like looking Commander Hull, of the Constitution. On the forehead of Com. Shaw is visible a scar, received, it is stated, while engaged with a squad of British, when on a reconnoitring party in Long Island Sound. There are also portraits of Commanders Downs, Rodgers, Bolton, Turner, and the gallant Bainbridge.

The Naval Lyceum was founded in the year 1833, by an association of naval officers. Since that time has been collected quite a library, comprising works on naval tactics, history, theology, and numerous magazines. There are many relics of the Revolution, old coins, and things of value and interest, which would naturally be gathered together by persons "going down to the sea in ships."

We particularly noticed the remains of a shell, thrown from the mountain redoubt under Montreal, at the old Fort McHenry, a few days before the almost total destruction of the fort and massacre of the troops by the French and Indians, so vividly described by Cooper. Owing to the distance, the shell fell into the lake, and after remaining in the water seventy-six years it was recovered, and on the application of a lighted match exploded, fortunately, doing no material injury. Visitors will always find the Lyceum a place of great interest, where the mind can be amused and instructed, enhanced by the politeness of

the officer in charge, who may be reckoned among the "gentlemen of the olden time."



SWEET WATER RESERVOIR.

Capt. Lawrence, of the ill-fated Chesapeake, is painted in the style of dress peculiar of his day; he has a fine, expressive



POWHATTAN, FIGURE-HEAD ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR THE "OHIO."

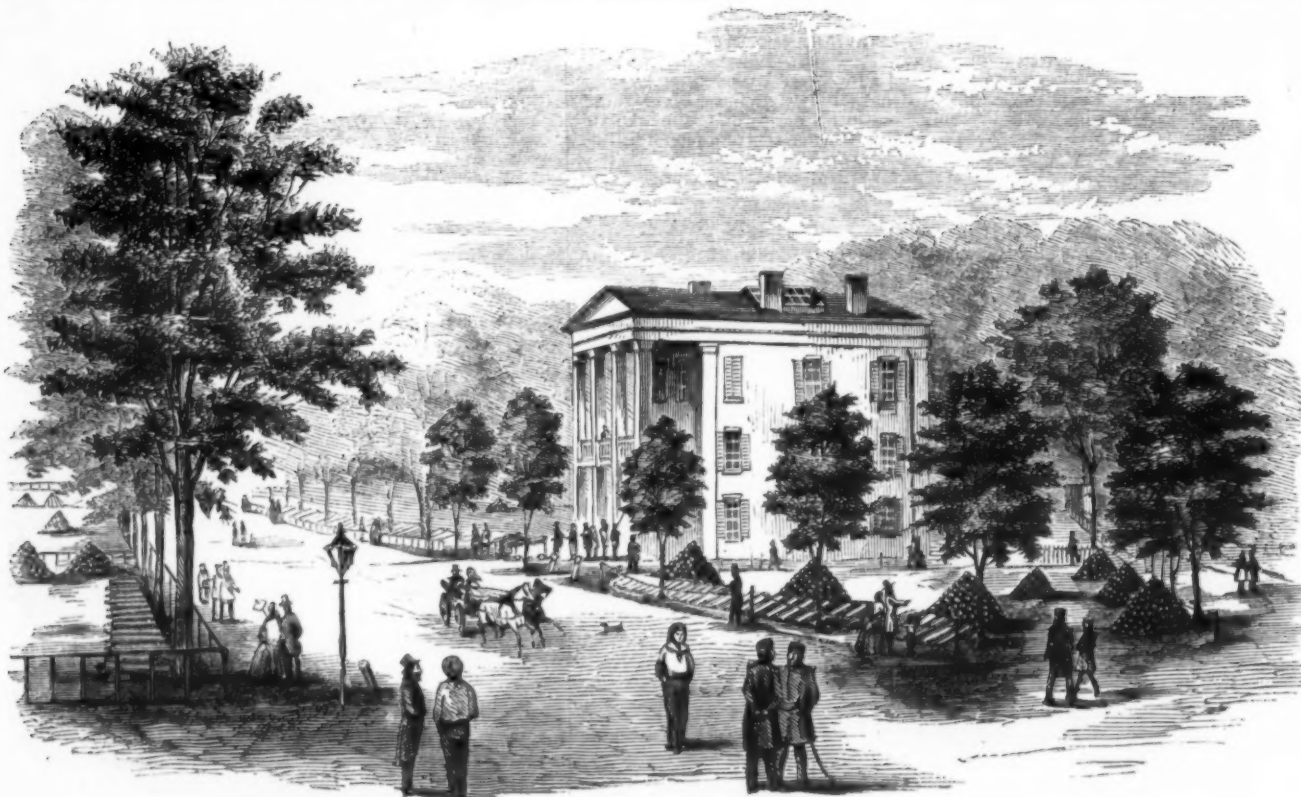
DIFFERENT BUILDINGS.

Among the many other places of interest are the mould, riggers', sail and gunners' lofts, the mast-house, the joiners', painters', plumbers', blockmakers', gun-carriage, coopers' and caulkers' shops. These different branches or divisions each occupy large buildings. The machine shop, and engine room, both of which will be found among our illustrations, give a general idea of the style of these useful structures. The engine, of five hundred horse power, stationed in this building is one of the finest in the world. Its use is to draw off the water from the dry dock after the vessel to be repaired or overhauled is introduced. To give the reader some idea of the proportion of this immense engine, not necessarily conveyed in our fine picture, we would state, that the diameter of the driving-wheel is twenty-five feet, the length of walking-beam is thirty-two feet, with twelve feet stroke; the cylinder is fifty-two inches.

LOCATION OF THE RIB DOCK.

The "rib dock" of the Navy Yard, which is just at the stern of the receiving ship North Carolina, is built directly over where was anchored the British prison ship Jersey; and as a curious coincidence we may mention here, that the "old Fulton" blew up while anchored on this same spot, her magazine ignited, it is supposed, by her gunner. The wreck of this vessel was allowed to remain until a shoal was formed. The Government then decided that it would be too expensive to remove the "accretion," and built the rib dock, with the intention of eventually connecting it with the main land.

Among the ships laid up in this yard are the Potomac, Brandywine and Sabine. The keel of this last-named ship was put down (Concluded on page 139.)



THE LYCEUM BUILDING, OCCUPIED BY THE COMMANDANT AND HIS ASSISTANTS, LYCEUM, LIBRARY, ETC.

THE NEW OFFICES OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have nearly completed, on the northern front of the large area of ground occupied by it as a station, a building to be appropriated to the various offices of the company, and to the purposes of passenger and ladies' saloons. The central portion of the building, that which is to be used for offices, is now nearly finished, several of the departments being already established in it, and of itself is most worthy of special notice. The buildings are situated on Camden street, between Howard and Eutaw streets. The entire group have a front on Camden street of three hundred and eight feet. The centre tower is one hundred and eighty-five feet, and the corner towers are eighty feet high. The centre building has three stories, and is occupied by the president and masters of transportation, of the road, and machinery, and other general offices of the company. The ladies' saloon is a model of convenience and taste. The entire edifice is well lighted and ventilated. Everything which could be done to cause the business of the road to be transacted with ease and facility, and for the comfort of passengers, has been attended to. The entire premises, when completed, will constitute one of the most complete structures of the kind in the world.

HUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

FORMERLY it was supposed that the hippopotamus existed in Asia, but the race in that country is now extinct, as it is alone met with in Africa, and even there is found in none of the rivers that fall into the Mediterranean, except the Nile, and in that part of it only which runs through Upper Egypt, or in the fens and lakes of Ethiopia. It is, however, receding fast before civilization. It inhabits both fresh and salt water.

The hippopotamus is a most singular looking animal, and has not inaptly been likened to a "form intermediate between an overgrown hog and a high-fed bull, without horns and with cropped ears." It has an immensely large head. Ray says the upper mandible is movable, as with the crocodile. Each of its jaws are armed with two formidable tusks; those in the lower, which are always the largest, attain, at times, two feet in length. The inside of the mouth has been described by a recent writer as resembling "a mass of butcher's meat." The eyes, Captain Harris likens "to the garret windows of a Dutch cottage"—the nostrils and ears, are all placed nearly on the same plane, which allows the use of three senses, and of respiration, with a very small portion of the animal being exposed when it rises to the surface of the water. The size of its body is not much inferior to that of the elephant; but its legs are much shorter—so low, indeed, is the animal at times in the body, that the belly almost touches the ground. The hoofs are divided into four parts, unconnected by membranes. The skin, which is nearly an inch in thickness, is destitute of covering, excepting a few scattered hairs on the muzzle, edges of the ears and tail. The color of the animal, when on land, is of a purple brown; but when seen at the bottom of a pool, it appears altogether different—viz., of a dark blue, or, as Dr. Burchell describes it, of a light hue of Indian ink.

There are a variety of ways employed in hunting the hippopotamus, one of the most simple and effective is shown in our engraving; but it is a way only pursued by those natives who have fire-arms, and these weapons peculiar to civilization are not often found among Africans who live near the native haunts of this creature. To shoot the animal is not a matter of any great difficulty, for when it comes to the surface either to breathe or for amusement, a single shot through or under the ear, is fatal to it. If there are several "gunners," and they station themselves on opposite sides of the pool where the hippopotami are congregated (in which case the animals, when rising to the surface, invariably come within range of one or other of the party), great slaughter may be committed. Should the hippopotamus be killed outright, it usually sinks, but in about half a day re-appears at the surface; and, in order eventually to secure the carcass, it is only necessary to keep a sharp lookout in the stream below. Shooting the hippopotamus from the shore is attended with but little danger. Accidents, however, do at times occur.

"A native, with his boy, went to the river to hunt sea-cows. Seeing one at a short distance below an island, the man passed through a narrow stream to get nearer to the object of his pursuit. He fired, but missed, when the animal immediately made



GENERAL CITY STATION OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, EUTAW STREET, BALTIMORE.

for the island. The man, seeing his danger, ran to cross to the opposite bank of the river; but, before reaching it, the sea-cow seized, and literally, with its monstrous jaws, severed his body in two."

The usual or native way is to harpoon the animal; pictures of this manner are to be found among the paintings on the ancient Egyptian tombs. The harpoon (of iron) is short and strong, and provided with a single barb. The shaft, or handle, consists of a stout pole from ten to twelve feet in length, by three or four inches in thickness. At the inner end of the shaft is a socket for the reception of the harpoon, which is further secured to the shaft (at about one-third from the socket) by a number of small cords. These cords when the animal is struck, and a strain consequently comes upon them, relax, so as to allow the harpoon to slip out of the socket, though, of course, it still remains attached to the shaft. To the other extremity of the handle is fixed the harpoon-line, which is strong, and of considerable length, and to the end of this a "float" or "buoy." From the weight of the shaft, the harpoon is seldom or never hurled at the hippopotamus, but is held by the harpooner, who drives it either vertically or obliquely into the body of the animal. Sometimes the chase is conducted with reed-rafts and canoes, which are very light and strong. As soon as a hunting party get among the beasts, and their presence is known by snorts and grunts while splashing and blowing in the water, long before they are actually seen, the most skilful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons, while the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove successful. The hunters are all silent. The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct—but a bend in the stream still hides the animals from view. The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crests of sunken rocks than living creatures. Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with the sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement. At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger. Presently one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height to give the greater force to the blow, and the next instant the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

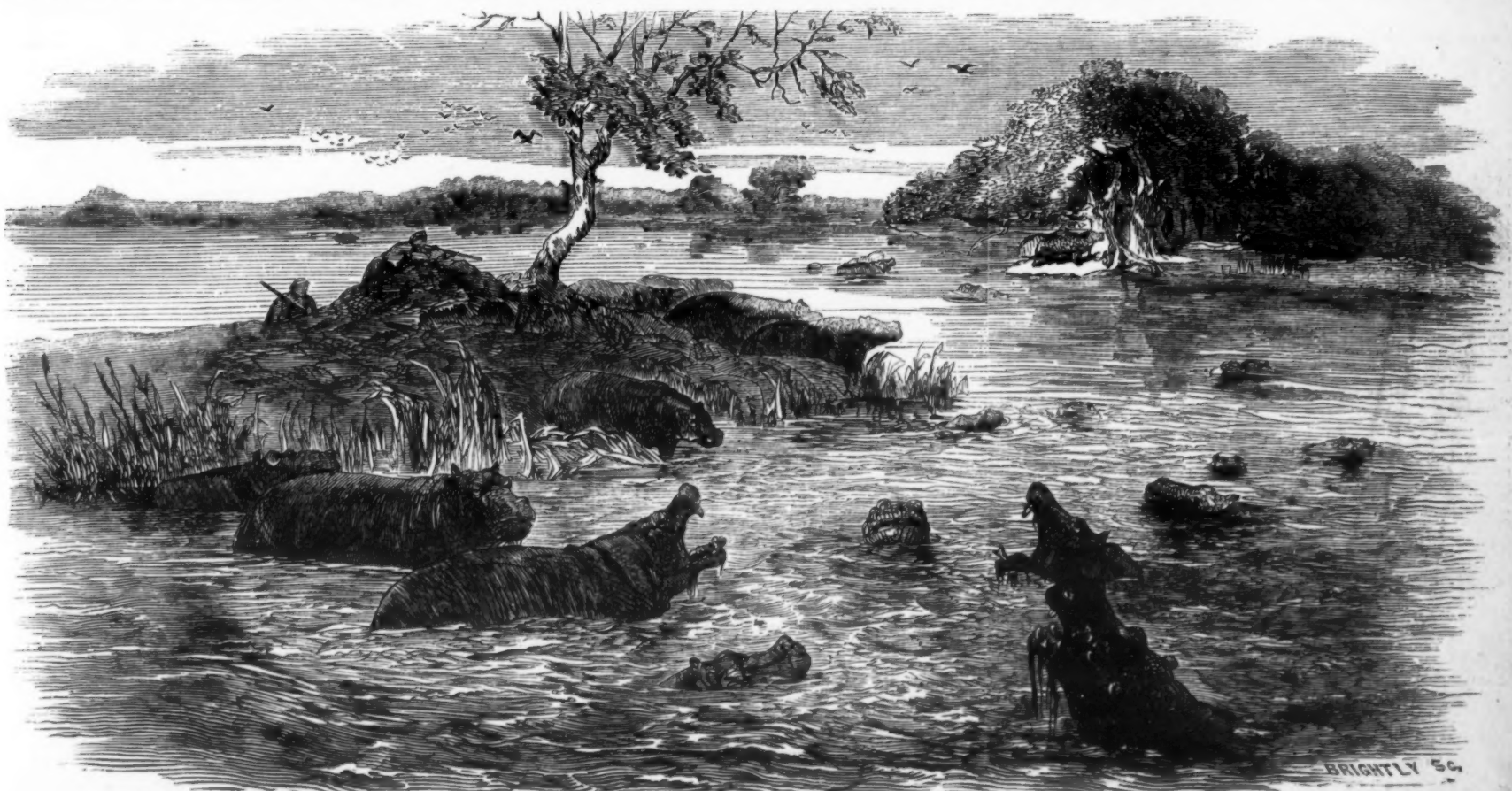
The wounded animal plunges violently, and dives to the bottom; but all his efforts to escape are unavailing. The line or the shaft of the harpoon may break—but the barb, once imbedded in

the flesh, the weapon (owing to the thickness and toughness of the beast's hide) cannot be withdrawn. As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon line, and take a "round turn" with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be "brought up" at once, or should there be too great a strain on the line, so it could be "played" in the same manner as the salmon by the fisherman. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and "buoy" are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wheresoever he chooses.

The rest of the canoes are now all launched from off the raft, and chase is given to the brute, who, so soon as he comes to the surface to breathe, is saluted with a shower of light javelins. Again he descends, his track deeply crimsoned with gore. Presently—and perhaps he once more appears on the surface, when, as before, missiles of all kinds are hurled at his devoted head.

When thus beset, the infuriated brute not unfrequently turns upon his assailants, and either with his formidable tusks, or with a blow from his enormous head, staves in or capsizes the canoes. At times, indeed, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he will attack one or other of the crew, and with a single grasp of his horrid jaws either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two! The chase often lasts a considerable time. So long as the line and the harpoon holds, the animal cannot escape, because the "buoy" always marks his whereabouts. At length, from loss of blood, or exhaustion, the hippopotamus succumbs to his pursuers. If the hippopotamus hunt, as just described, could be conducted altogether from the reed-raft, one's personal safety would be little, or not at all, endangered; for, on account of the great size, buoyancy, and elasticity of the raft, the animal, however wickedly inclined, could neither "board" or capsize it. But when one pursues him in a canoe, though far the most exciting way, the peril, as shown, is considerable.

Innumerable instances, showing the ferocity of the hippopotamus, are on record. Lieutenant Vidal, while ascending the river Temby, suddenly felt a violent shock from underneath, and in another moment a monstrous hippopotamus reared itself up from the water, and, in a most ferocious and menacing attitude, rushed open-mouthed at the boat, and, with one grasp of his tremendous jaws, seized and tore seven planks from its side; the creature disappeared for a few seconds, and then rose again, apparently intending to renew the attack, but was fortunately deterred by the contents of a musket discharged in its face. The boat rapidly filled, but, as she was not more than an oar's length from the



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS OF LAKE NGAMI, AFRICA, THE ANIMAL SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEAST OF FEAR.

shore, the crew succeeded in reaching it before it sank. The keel, in all probability, touched the back of the animal, which, irritating him, occasioned the furious attack; and had he got his upper jaw above the gunwale, the whole broadside must have been torn out.

CHESS.

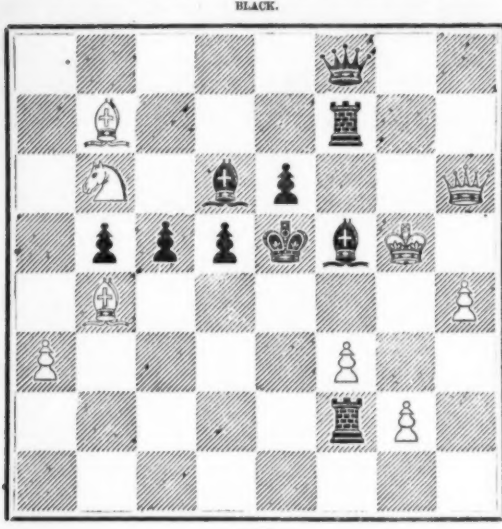
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. N. CHERRY, Syracuse.—Our criticism upon the twenty-first move of second player in Game LXXXII, was hasty, as you most conclusively show. Having, however, a little Scotch blood in our veins, we are not disposed to admit that you are altogether right in saying that the twenty-first move of first player, in the game aforesaid, is "more sound than brilliant." On the contrary, while fully admitting its soundness, we still insist it is quite as brilliant as sound, and indicates a player who need not fear to break a lance with the doughtiest of Caissa's champions, in the approaching National Tournament.

A LOVER OF CHESS, Boston.—There is at present no regularly-organized Chess Club in Boston, though, we believe, the players of that city have a regular place of meeting, at present unknown to us. (Will some of our Boston friends inform us upon this point?) Join them, by all means.

PROBLEM LXXXVI.—By C. HESS, of Nashville. Dedicated to J. WELKIN, Esq. White to mate in three moves.



GAME LXXXVI.—(Q B P OPENING)—Between Messrs. THOMPSON and PERRIN, of the New York Club.

WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. P.	WHITE. Mr. T.	BLACK. Mr. P.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 P to K B 4	Castles Q R
2 P to Q B 3	B to Q B 4	15 P to K B 5	B to Q 2
3 K B to Q B 4 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	16 B to K 3	B to Q B 3
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K B 3	17 R to K B 2	Q R to K
5 P to Q 4	P to K 3	18 P to K B 6	Q to K Kt 3
6 P to K 5	P to Q 4	19 Q R to K	R tks B
7 P tks Kt	P tks B	20 Q tks R	B tks K Kt P
8 Q to K 2 (ch)	B to K 3	21 Q to K Kt 3	B to Q B 3
9 P tks Kt P	K R to Kt	22 Q to K 7 (c)	B to Q B 4
10 P tks P	B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	23 R tks Q B P (ch)	K to Q
11 Q Kt to B 3	Kt tks P	24 R to K 7 (d)	B tks R (ch)
12 Kt tks Kt	Q tks Kt	25 K tks B	Q tks K B P (ch)
13 Castles	Q tks P	White resigns.	

NOTES TO GAME LXXXVI.

- (a) A disciple of Philidor would here have played P to Q 4. But Mr. P. belongs, without a doubt, to the school of La Bourdonnais.
(b) The object of this check is not so clear to us. It seems to answer no other purpose than bringing out a piece for Black.
(c) Better to have exchanged Queens at once, it seems to us.
(d) If he take B with R his game is equally lost.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXXXVI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 B to K 6 (ch)	B tks B
2 Kt to Q 2 (ch)	K to Q 4
3 P to K 4 (ch)	K to Q 5
4 Kt to Q 6, and mates next move with one Kt or the other according to Black's play.	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM LXXXV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to K 4	P to R 4 (best)
2 K to K Kt 7	P to R 5
3 Kt to K R 3 (ch)	K moves
4 P mates.	

LITERATURE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Complete in Two Volumes. Boston. Ticknor & Fields.

This reading public will gladly welcome the collected works of John G. Whittier. In the North especially will these volumes be welcomed, for Whittier is essentially the poet of the North—the embodiment of its principles and its prejudices, and of its fervent and unconquerable love of freedom. His sympathies are all for the slave, and a large portion of the first volume is devoted to the advocacy of their cause. He is an eloquent partisan, and we admire his earnestness even while we dissent most strongly to much of his manner and his matter. We very willingly pass over these sectional poems, and linger with the author while he sings of more congenial themes.

His legendary poems are all charming; they are conceived in a true poetic manner and bear the impress of the spirit of the by-gone time. Among these the "Bridal of Pennacook" and "Casandra Southwick" are eminently charming. The "Songs of Labor" are noble poems, full of genial and hearty feeling and broad humanity. His sacred poems are full of deep and earnest devotion, and breathe a spirit of strong yet calm faith. The Holy Land is mapped upon his heart, and the sacred writings guide his steps as over familiar places.

But the most delicious of all the poems in these volumes, to our thinking, is "The Last Autumn Walk." The whole poem is redolent with the calm contentment of a refined and healthy mind, which sees beauty and goodness everywhere, which sees the glory of God in everything, and spiritualizes common things until they become as pearls of price. A feeling of perfect and unalloyed enjoyment pervaded our whole being as we drank in line after line, and the calm and delicious sensation passed not soon away, for we lingered over each verse, unwilling to let its beauty pass from us. We wish our space would permit us to quote the entire poem, but as it will not, we content ourselves with a brief extract taken from it at random.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale
Yet, on life's current, he who drifts
Is one with him who rows or sails;
And he who wanders widest, lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veils
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees,
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer!

The eye may well be glad, that looks
Where Phæar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The warble of the lark
Rise round him in the snow and wind
From his lone sweet-brier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

And thus it is my fancy blends
The near at hand and far and rare;
And while the same horizon bends
Above the silver-sprinkled hair,
Which flashed the light of morning skies
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,
Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed.

And thus the sick man on his bed,
The toiler to his task-work bound,
Behold their prison-walls outspread,
Their clipped horizon widen round!
While freedom-giving fancy waits,
Like Peter's angel at the gates,
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs again!

If Whittier lacks any one qualification of the true poetic temperament, it is passionate emotion. He has fervor, earnestness, strength of purpose, a fearless truthfulness, a philosophic and searching intelligence; but he has but little tenderness or pathos. He deals more with realities of our daily life than with emotions or imagination. But he has worked nobly and faithfully in the way his genius guided him. His was a mission, and he has conscientiously and successfully fulfilled it. The name of Whittier will hold a high place in the literature of America. The volumes are beautifully brought out by Derby & Jackson. We close our notice with the Proem, in which the poet reveals himself to his readers:

A PROEM.

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untamed ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Best often labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Un-killed the supple lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unappointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and wrong is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vengeance,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

Oh Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

MANGLING ENGLISH.—There is an individual in Quincy Market, "doing business," who is down on customers who do not speak properly. "What's eggs this morning?" says a customer. "Eggs of course," says the dealer. "I mean—how do they go?" "Go—where?" "Pshaw!" says the customer, getting up his fury, "what for eggs?" "Money, money, sir, or good endorsed credit!" says the dealer. "Don't you understand the English language, sir?" says the customer. "Not as you mix and mangle it, I don't," responded the egg merchant. "What is—the—price—per—dozen—for—your eggs?" "Ah! now you talk," said the dealer; "eightpence per dozen is the price, sir!" They traded.

ALLEN, in conversation with Samuel Rogers, observed, "I never put my razor in hot water, as I find it injures the temper of the blade." No doubt of it," said the wit; "show me the blade that would not be out of temper if plunged into hot water."

AN old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared she knew a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam," cried Celebs, in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady. Celebs evaporated.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank on its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."
Little by little, each day it grew,
Little by little it slipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a threadlike root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark, blue sea,
An insect train works ceaselessly;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or play,
Rocks upon rocks, they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there;
Till the summer sunbeams gaily smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
Little by little, I learn to know
The treasures wisdom of long ago;
And one of these days perhaps we'll see
That the world will be the better for me."
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man?

Everybody knows the story of the old huntsman who complained that the hounds had lost the scent, "all along of their stinking vi'lets." As a pendant to it we will relate the following, told us as a fact: A certain East India captain, whose ship was at Calcutta, ordered his servant one day to clean out his cabin. He then went ashore, and returned on board in the evening. He asked the man "if he had cleaned his cabin out?" The man replied in the affirmative. "But what did you do for soap? After I got on shore I recollected that I had not brought any out." "Oh! sir, it did not matter," was the reply; "I found some stinking dead stuff on your wash-stand, and I used that, but there was hardly enough of it." He had scoured out his master's cabin with brown Windsor soap!

A LUCKY MAN.—The State of Maine gives an illustration of the propensity of some people to be distressed by imaginary evils, wherein a man thus related his experience in a financial way on the occasion of the failure of a local bank: "As soon as I heard of it my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'supposing I got any bills on that bank! I'm gone if I have—that's a fact!' So I put on my coat and 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I run all the way; and when I got there, I looked keenly, and found that I hadn't no bills on that bank—nor any other! Then I felt easier."

A HOMEOPATHIC DOSE OF PUNCH.

A LOSING ARTICLE.—Paterfamilias calculates that, during the course of his long existence, he must have lent, or missed, or lost, or had borrowed or stolen, not less than 500 umbrellas! Experience has taught him now, having charged rather dearly for her five hundred lessons, never to buy, as long as he lives, another umbrella! He classifies umbrellas under the head of those articles of which no one ever knows the profit, much less the return!

IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?—Youthful swell—"Haw! Look here! Is that chest of cigars you imported for me ripe yet?"

Cigar Dealer—"Well, sir—I fear not—that is, not ripe for your taste, sir, for at least three weeks; but we can spare you a couple of thousand of those giant regales to go on with, till the weather is milder, when your cigars will mellow rapidly!" [Youth accepts the generous offer, and lounges out with a giant regale as big as his leg in his mouth.]

PERFECT ON BOTH SIDES.—"What is on the other side of the Victoria medal?" was asking a young Lion at the French Embassy. "I cannot exactly tell," answered Persigny, "but it's my impression that the reverse of Victoria-Ours must be Victoria herself."

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

CAPTAIN DRAYTON, who attempted to carry away seventy slaves from Washington in the schooner Pearl, in 1848, and was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, and pardoned by President Fillmore after four years' incarceration, committed suicide at New Bedford lately.

On the 27th of June a steamer arrived at St. Louis from a point one hundred and eighty miles beyond Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, two thousand five hundred miles above St. Louis! Thus is the Missouri river, which joins the Father of Waters fifteen hundred miles from the Gulf, navigable for twenty-five hundred miles by steamboats, so that there is in all four thousand miles of unbroken steamboat navigation.

The editor of the Fall River Star had a spoon sent to him that came over in the Mayflower. It didn't get to him in time for the chowder on the Fourth, so he is going to keep it to eat his porridge with.

Over the drop curtain of the Lexington (Ky.) theatre are these words: "The theatre has in every age exhibited the vice and folly of society, rather than created them."

At Fall River, R.I., on the Fourth, they had a mammoth chowder, the details of which are rather interesting. It was got up in a large kettle belonging to the print works, and was made of six hundred and thirty pounds of fish, three barrels of potatoes, three barrels of crackers, one hundred and fifty pounds of butter, fifteen pounds of pepper, three pecks of salt, three and a half pecks of onions, and ninety gallons of milk, making in all eight hundred gallons of chowder. Fifty bushels of clams were baked on the ground for the party. A large vat was built, which held five hundred gallons, and filled with pure water, to which were added three boxes of lemons, two hundred pounds of sugar, and five hundred pounds of ice. Temporary tables were erected to seat two thousand five hundred persons, which were spread with chowder bowls and plates.

Hock Farm, the home of Col. Sutter, in California, has been sold under the sheriff's hammer. He once possessed immense landed wealth—being the first discoverer of gold in California—but he finally became the prey of speculators.

The pearl fishing mania has at last got into Connecticut. The Meriden Chronicle says that the village of Hanover, in that town, has been the scene of quite an excitement, and that some fine pearls have been taken from the shell-fish which abound in the Quinicipiac, and that \$50 has been offered for one of the smallest.

The libel suit instituted some time ago by Mr. Greeley, of the New York Tribune, against the publishers of the Iowa Gazette, has been withdrawn, and the Gazette takes back or corrects the false statement complained of. Sensible on both sides.

As Mr. Joseph P. Mahoney, of Frederica, Winchester Co., Va., was leaving the Philadelphia cars at the Jersey City Depot, on the 9th ult., his pocket was picked of a wallet containing \$1,225 in money, and two notes of \$617 each.

A young man living in Fairfield township, Madison county, named Morgan Hume, took his gun down on Friday, June 26, for the purpose of shooting a crow. He placed the muzzle in his mouth, pushed the hammer back with his foot, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was a load in it. In pushing the hammer back it slipped, and the load was discharged in his mouth, the ball coming out at the back of the head, killing him instantly.

Such is the velocity and force of a common rocket, that the stick of one on the 4th, in Boston, penetrated through a solid gutter of wood, three inches thick.

The telegraphs now in operation in the United States consume annually about \$60,000 worth of zinc, \$120,000 worth of nitric acid, and \$30,000 worth of mercury, besides other sums for sulphuric acid, &c.

A quarrel recently took place in Morgan county, Ky., between Mr. Mason, Democrat, and Mr. Cox, Know-Nothing—candidates for Congress—in which Cox was shot by Mason and killed.

Lately, says the Lowell News, a hard-working, much-neglected wife in that city went on the street and found her husband in company with a nymph du pare, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy for some time. Incensed, she took him with her, when the other interfered, and the two females coming in violent collision, the wife inflicted a chastisement on her opponent which was doubtless well deserved.

The losses during the past year in the whaling business have been great. In New Bedford alone, the marine insurance companies have paid \$43,272.

Two mysterious disappearances from Paterson, N.J., occurred last week. One was of a Mr. John Smith, cashier for D. G. Scott & Co., who left New York on Tuesday morning, designing to return next day, and is still missing. He had but little money with him, and has heretofore been very punctual and steady. The other was of a young girl, seventeen years old, named Mary Houghton, who disappeared on Wednesday morning. She bore an excellent character. It is feared that foul play has been used in both these cases.

Large mines of zinc ore have been discovered near Allentown, Pa. There have been received at the dog-pound in New York city since it was opened on the 17th of June, 2,600 dogs.

A bridge in the town of Hitchcockville gave way last week as a loaded team was passing over it, and five persons who were on it at the time fell with the bridge, and were more or less injured by bruises, &c., but we believe no bones were broken.

On the 13th ultimo a cow belonging to Mr. Frederick Gibbs, in Litchfield, South Plains, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

A gambler named Able killed a citizen of Memphis, Tenn., on the 24th of June, which caused prodigious excitement. Able was tried by a committee of citizens, and found guilty of murder in the first degree. The New Orleans Picayune says: "Twelve of the jurors were in favor of lynching the murderer, but the remainder were in favor of submission to the laws and the trial of the murderer in the Criminal Court, and they prevailed. The meeting passed resolutions ordering all gamblers to leave Memphis within ten days, and declaring that in case of non-compliance on the part of any of them, they must take the consequences. After the close of the meeting, a large and very excited crowd of men got a cannon and approached the jail, with the intention of forcing their way in and taking out the murderer and lynching him, but again the Mayor, supported by a number of law-abiding citizens promptly appeared on the ground, and again, through his exertions and persuasions, the crowd dispersed without attempting to carry out their intention."

The publishers of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition have paid upwards of \$60,000 to the estate of the deceased author, copyright money for nine months' sales of the work, and that the continued demand for that work will soon make this sum reach \$100,000.

Two men named Shaw, uncle and nephew, residing in Goshen, N. Y., where the good butter is made, having quarrelled for years, and licked each other severely, submitted their case to three arbitrators, who, after hearing witnesses during three days, decided that the belligerent relatives pay each other \$75, and divide the costs between them!

A Mr. Ransom of Elmira, N. Y., has recovered \$15,000 of the Erie Railroad Company, on account of an accident in which he sustained injuries.

The New Orleans Delta estimates the number of slaves at the South at over three and a half millions, and their aggregate value at present prices, at fully sixteen hundred millions of dollars. The cotton plantations in the South it estimates at about eighty thousand, and the aggregate value of their annual product, at the present rates of cotton, is fully one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. There are over fifteen thousand tobacco plantations, and their annual products may be valued at fourteen millions of dollars. There are two thousand six hundred sugar plantations, the products of which average annually more than twelve millions. There are five hundred and fifty-one rice plantations, which yield an annual revenue of four millions of dollars.

The new Gadsden Purchase, or Arizona as it is called, is reported to be rich in silver.

Rev. Dr. Scott, pastor of a Presbyterian church in San Francisco, receives for his services the handsome salary of \$12,000 per year.

It is said that 30,000 slaves were sold and removed from Virginia last year, and that 2,000 more escaped.

On Wednesday night, Mr. F. J. De Varga, a young Cuban gentleman who is travelling with his father and family, was awakened by a noise in his room at the Bromfield House, Boston. Having recently suffered from the depredations of thieves, he was not slow to read the meaning of this writing on the wall, and immediately commenced a search for his money and watch, which were not, however, to be found. The shadow departed and entered a room opposite to his own, whereupon, he instantly raised an alarm, and on entering the room found the thief. Mr. De Varga, with the assistance of his friends and a policeman, who had by this time arrived, searched the rogue, but failed to find any of the stolen property about him. They noticed, however, that while he was otherwise well dressed, he had no stockings, and inquired what he had done with them; he replied that he wore none when he entered the room. This story was not believed, and a further search being made, the stockings were found outside of the house, under a window of the room, in which the arrest was made, and in them was the stolen property—\$127 in gold, a gold watch and chain, and the burglar's tools which were used in entering the room. The thief gave the name of William Barnard. He went to the Bromfield that night as a lodger. He is not recognized by the police of Boston. A short time since the De Varga family were robbed of a large amount of money at Saratoga Springs. They arrived in that city from the Springs on Wednesday afternoon, and on the road noticed a person who was, as they supposed, watching and following them, and they think, though they are not positive, that Barnard is the fellow. It is also surmised that he may be one of the parties who committed the robbery at Saratoga. Barnard was brought before Justice Rogers, of the Police Court, on Thursday, and waiving an examination, was held in \$600 for his appearance at the Municipal Court in August next for trial.

OFFICE-SEEKING in Pennsylvania, at least some parts of it, is carried on in Dutch; the catechism stands as follows:

Constituent. Pronounce General Jackson in Dutch.

Candidate. Teheneral Tchackson.

Constituent. Declare yourself a Democrat, emphatically.

Candidate. Flommt sei ich bin a Demmy-graut—my daudy and mie gross daudy warr a Demmygraut un petamnt ich geh for der Teheneral Tchackson, under Bookkannin un net for de kerls wu sie vigs hessa, for selly sin de dories und demberens lite.

Constituent. Pass a Democratic opinion of the Black Republicans, in Dutch.

Candidate. Die Rippoplikans wie sie sich hasa, die gehna for die weise lite 'unner die schwortze zu du und so an law zu passa dos die nager die wise wibeslite heira, un for sie frei zu gevva dos sie do ruff kumma kenna unser kinkle, un sei, un all unser soch shtehla un ufzufressa un unser shtell obzubrenna.

The candidate hereupon is pronounced sound on the "goose," and the parties imbibe lager bier, and the "country is safe."

THE judge of a Western court recently decided a point adverse to a certain lawyer. The lawyer was stubborn, and insisted that the court was wrong.

"I tell you that I am right!" yelled the court, with flashing eyes.

"I tell you that you are not!" retorted the counsel.

"Crier," yelled the judge, "I adjourn the court for ten minutes," and pitched into the counsel, and, after a lively little fight, placed him *hors du combat*; after which business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose.

"Crier," said the court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes;" and he was about to take off his coat, when the counsel said,

"Never mind, judge, keep on your coat—the p'int is yielded—my thumb's out o' joint, and I've sprained my shoulder."

A WESTERN editor gives the following advice to the ladies: "When you have got a man to the sticking point, that is, when he proposes, don't turn away your head, or affect a blush, or refer him to pa, or ask for more time; all these tricks are understood now; but just look him right in the face, give him a 'buss' and tell him to go and order the furniture, and be careful to display superior taste in the selection of a cradle."

While belles their lovely graces spread, And fops around them flutter, I'll be content with Anna Bread, And won't have any but her.

"Well, doctor," said a chap, suffering with the toothache, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for one minute's work! One dollar—thunder! Why a doctor down t'our place drew a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he charged me only twenty-five cents."

SINCE Mr. Quill commenced rallying around the Constitution he has only slept at home about one night in a week. Quill was once a model of propriety. He feared the Lord, turned his toes out, and eschewed porter-houses. A short time since, Quill thought he would go in for a nomination for Senator. The next night Quill was carried home on a shutter.

A little urchin, some two or three years old, being a little distance from the house, was suddenly startled by a clap of thunder. He was much frightened, and made rapid tracks for the house. But as the shed was the nearest shelter, he entered it, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, exclaimed, "Thunder away, I'm under the shed!"

THE encore nuisance has reached its climax. During a recent performance of "Hamlet" in Paris, the soliloquy was encored, and Rouviere, the actor, did actually repeat it.

It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live very long at the current prices.

An Albany paper thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs, that ought to be re-dressed.

What is "mean time?" That which allows only twenty minutes to dinner.

An elephant once nearly killed an Irishman for an insult offered to his trunk. "The act was rash in the extreme; but it was impossible," the Hibernian said, "to resist a nose you could pull with both hands."

THE saying "there's more pleasure in giving than receiving" is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine, and advice.

The South American "rule of action" is never to do anything that can be avoided, and when it becomes absolutely necessary to do anything, they always put it off until the next day.

A young lady, on returning to her father's house, after having been at a boarding-school, quite shocked her brother with her refined expressions. "I declare," said he one day to his father, "our Sally has got to be so learned that I can't understand above one-half what she says; 'twas only this morning that she stuck a po on to later."

THE POPE.—An amusing instance of the Pope's accessibility took place at the Vatican a short time ago, when a little boy presented himself in the outer ante-chamber of the apostolic apartments, and begged to be admitted to the presence of the Pontiff. It may be imagined with what surprise the request was received by the palace servants, and how they endeavored to make the child under-

stand the incongruity of his demand. Whilst this affair was under discussion, a *cameriere segreta* of his Holiness passed through the ante-chamber, and having the curiosity to learn what was the matter, referred it, as a good joke, to the Pope himself. Pio Nono, however, gave orders for the child to be admitted to his presence, and having questioned him as to the reason of his wishing for an audience, heard that the boy had an earnest desire to study, but that his parents, unable to procure him the necessary books, always put him off with an assurance that the Pope would buy them for him. To effect the realization of this promise, the boy had made the best of his way to the Vatican, and promptly informed his Holiness that the works indispensable for the prosecution of his studies would cost fifty-three pauls. The Pope directed the *cameriere segreta* to give him two dollars (fifty pauls), but the boy said that he could not buy his books with that, so his Holiness benevolently took out two gold coins of five dollars each, and presented them to the enraptured child, who forthwith made towards the bookseller's shop, followed by an officer of the Pope's household, who had orders to observe his movements. Being informed that the boy had really appropriated the required money to the purchase of books, and that he had consigned the remainder to his mother, the Pope took interest in him, and allotted a monthly sum for his education in the career of letters to which he seemed so much attached.

A CULMINATION OF MEANNESS.—Not many days ago, a young man who occupies the position of cashier in a mercantile house, made a purchase of half a dollar's worth of cigars of the worthy and intelligent blind man who keeps a portable variety store on the Common, near Park street church. He not only did not pay for them, but actually stole a dollar of that helpless blind man's money, by giving him a counterfeit dollar bill, and taking in return fifty cents' worth of cigars, and fifty cents in hard silver. About a week after, he visited the Common again, and shaped his course for the "variety store." "Do you ever have counterfeit money passed upon you?" said he to the blind man. "Oh, no," he replied, "nobody would be mean enough to think of such a thing." "Those cigars that I got of you the other day were first-rate. I think I'll try another lot." "Ah! then you are the man that gave me that counterfeit bill." Caught in the trap, the young man was obliged to confess, and make restitution. He took back the bill, and gave the blind man a two dollar note, receiving a dollar in change. But the two dollar bill was counterfeit, and instead of paying out the dollar which he stole at first, he had now stolen two dollars. He was, however, found out by a policeman, and obliged to pay, not only the two dollars, but a handsome surplus. That young man may congratulate himself at having escaped so easily the public disgrace which his conduct merited.

A REAL KENTUCKY GIRL.—While the steamer Alida was sinking from her collision with the Fashion, and the passengers in confusion, some preparing to procure a safe retreat and some in the water making their way to land, a young girl of about seventeen summers was standing on the deck intently contemplating the scene, and looking anxiously towards the shore; a young man in the gush of gallantry stepped up to her, and remarked, "Miss, if you will put yourself under my protection I will convey you safely ashore." "Thank you," replied the young heroine. "But you need not trouble yourself. I am only waiting for the crowd to get out of the way, when I can take care of myself and reach the bank." Soon the crowd cleared the space, and the young lady plunged into the water and swam to the opposite bank with apparent ease, and without the least perceptible fear.

THE CACTUS.—In the waterless plains of South America, says Humboldt, animals suffering from thirst seek the Melon Cactus, a spherical plant half buried in the dry sand, encased in formidable prickles, but of which the interior abounds in refreshing juice. The stems of the columnar cactus often rise to the height of thirty to thirty-two feet; they are often covered with lichens, and dividing into candelabra-like handles, resemble in physiognomy some of the Euphorbias of Africa. The denseness and hardness which the ligneous fibres attain in old cactus stems, render them useful in the construction of houses, for which purpose they are employed by the Indians.

THE TONGUE.—A white fur on the tongue attends simply fever and inflammation. Yellowness of the tongue attends a derangement of the liver, and is common to bilious and typhus fevers. A tongue vividly red on the tip and edge, or down the centre or over the whole surface, attends inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach or bowels. A white velvet tongue attends mental diseases. A tongue red at the lips, becoming brown, dry and glazed, attends typhus state. The description of symptoms might be extended indefinitely, taking in all the propensities and obliquities of mental and moral condition. The tongue is a most expressive as well as unruly member.

A WOUNDED HEART.—A young man in England lately had a needle penetrate his breast, and enter his heart, breaking short off, and leaving nearly three-fourths of an inch of steel in the muscles. To extract the needle, the surgeon laid bare the surface of the heart, and the portion of the needle was drawn out with forceps. Inflammation had set in; but it is regarded as a most uncommon operation and singular accident, showing that even the heart itself may sustain a sharp wound without death immediately following.

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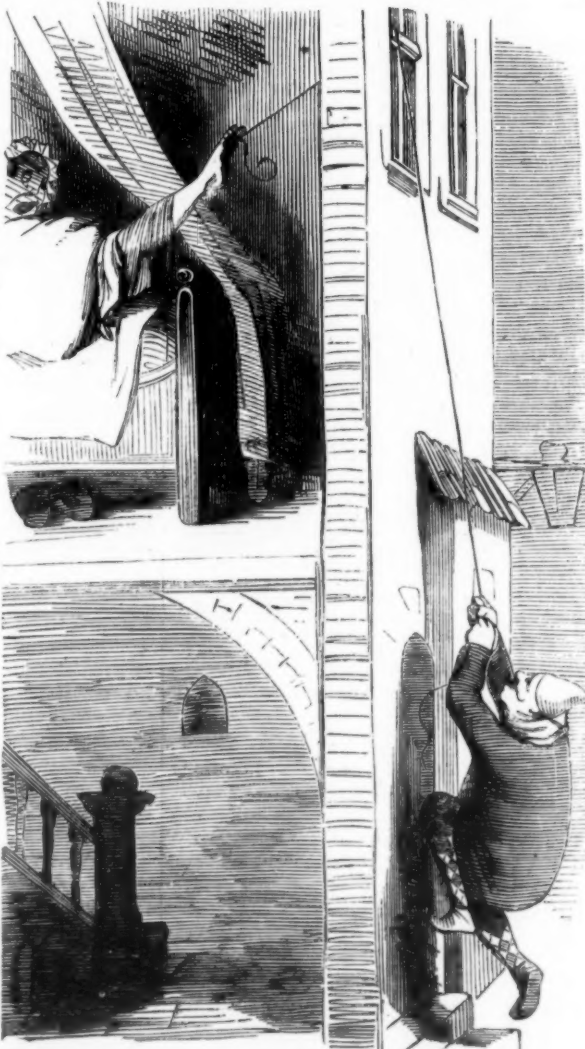
A COUPLE of young sprouts of American blood, made their appearance lately before a justice of the peace and requested to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The appearance of the applicants excited some suspicion, as their ages, judging from their looks, were about twelve for the lady, and fourteen for the gentleman. They set their years up to the full mark, however, and claimed a right to demand the performance of the ceremonies, the young man twirling a ten-spot around his finger with much nonchalance, as a sort of tacit inducement to the court to proceed without further useless questions. Upon being asked whether they were willing to take their oaths that they were of the necessary ages, they signified assent with much alacrity, and the young lady, holding up her hand, swore roundly that she was "over fourteen." The same performance was about being demanded of the young gentleman, when in walked the paternal ancestors of the two young hopefuls, and a general disconcertion of the plans followed. They were about being led off by the ears to their mammas, when the justice requested the young lady to explain how she dared to take the oath that she had just taken, and which he knew must be false. Nothing disconcerted, she stooped down, and, unlacing a little garter, drew out of it a piece of paper on which was written the word "fourteen." On the strength of this she

had sworn that she was "over fourteen." That young lady ought to be made a wife as soon as possible.

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